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THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

BY G. H. G.

A beautiful fancy has often beguiled me
When viewing earth's flowers all wither'd and bow'd;
I've thought that those flowers have been summon'd above me
To deck the bright circlet—the bow in the cloud.

When friendship's warm hand has relax'd its embracing,
And left you to battle alone with the crowd,
Fight it out like a man; despair ever chasing,
Ne'er forget through the storm there's a bow in the cloud.

When dear ones are torn from your love-beating breast,
And leave your heart desolate, drooping and bow'd,
Think those lov'd ones have enter'd a mansion of rest,
And like dew-drops are gemming the bow in your cloud.

And when Death broods his wing o'er thy sorrowing heart,
And fills it with thoughts of the grave and the shroud,
Pray that thou in the glories above may take part,
As the flowerets that gem the bright bow in the cloud!

LOVE FOR A DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THAT was the solution of the mystery. That was the cause of Mark's watchfulness and misery and of Lady Severne's peculiarities. From that originated the cold metallic light in the eyes that should have been so tender and lustrous. That was the cause of the hectic color that so often took the place of the dainty bloom. That was why a pretty bright young maid would have been quite useless—why the elderly woman kept watch and ward over her mistress. Of all the horrible fates that could have overtaken my poor Mark, surely none could have been more horrible than this!

All the anger died in my heart; there was nothing left but profound compassion. Now I could understand why he would not say anything to me about his wife. He might well look so worn and haggard. I forgot that he had deceived me, blighted my life; and my heart went out to him, not with the old love, but with a great pity and yearning. I would have given my life to save his wife and help him.

I will not dwell on the terrible scene that was enacted when Lady Severne was taken to her new rooms. I hope that I may never see such a sight again—such a leering smile, drooping, heavy head, sullen eyes, and reeling figure.

"I am glad you know about it, Miss Chester," said Martha. "It is a heavy secret to carry all by oneself. At times I can hardly bear it. I told Lady Yorke you would be the right one to trust."

Partly from her and partly from Lady Yorke I heard the whole sad story. I am no advocate for total abstinence, although I have a horror of excessive drinking. I simply tell this sad story as it was told to me, and record the incidents I saw.

There is no need to go far back into Lady Severne's life. She was well-born, well-bred, married when she was very young, and went with her husband, Captain Nugent, to India. When this terrible vice first took hold of her no one knew. There was some little rumor of it in India; but she was so young and so beautiful that no one believed it. It was not until she became Lady Severne that it attracted any attention.

She said afterwards that she took no more than other ladies—two or three glasses of wine at luncheon—perhaps a little champagne if she felt tired or "low;" a little more wine at dinner; and, during the evening, champagne at one party, sherry at another, and always brandy at night. She liked it; she was careless, and never thought about the consequences.

More than once Lord Severne, seeing her glass filled and refilled, would say, "Be careful, Lurline; that wine is strong." She would answer laughingly, "I do not mind how strong it is if it sparkles." More than once he was distressed at finding bottles of brandy hidden away in her room. A bad habit grows quickly. The terrible day came when Lord Severne, returning home earlier than usual, found her—— Ah, well, I cannot write the word!

From that time all semblance of happiness ceased between them. They had been married only six weeks when he made the discovery. He decided at once what to do. They would never live at Severne Court; the grand inheritance that had come to him was useless. He dared not make her mistress of the household; she was too far gone in her downward course for that. He could never make his home in England, where his misfortune must be known at once. He could never know when or how the shame and disgrace might fall upon him. He took her to Italy, hoping by travel, novelty, and constant care to wean her from her weakness.

At first there was some slight improvement, and it was while that improvement lasted that they met Lord and Lady Yorke. But Lady Severne was not cured, and there were irregularities in her manner which made them think strangely of her, and prevented her from being a favorite with them. They liked Lord Severne exceedingly; they were attracted by his melancholy, which at first they did not understand.

Lady Yorke exacted from Lord Severne a promise that when they came to England they would visit Westwood, and, when business-matters compelled Mark to return, he kept that promise; but it was in fear and trembling. Lurline had assured her husband, as she had often done before, that she would keep a strict guard over herself; but again and again she had relapsed into her old habits.

For during those long months, when she had plenty of money at her command, Lady Severne had gone from bad to worse. Her husband was at last compelled to have the assistance of Martha Glyde; but, in spite of all the care lavished upon her, in spite of all precautions, when those terrible fits came upon Lady Severne, she always managed to get that for which her heart craved. Nothing was of any avail—prayers, tears, advice, anger, all were useless.

The beautiful and admired Lady Severne was a secret drinker, a woman who had delivered herself to the bondage of an evil spirit, to the heavy yoke of a shameful habit. She bribed servants; she did things that in her better days she would have recoiled from doing. Yet so faithful was Martha Glyde, so loyal and thoughtful was her husband, that her terrible secret was hardly known. When Martha saw that a fit was inevitable, she locked her in her room and gave out to the world that she was ill. At those times Lord Severne went out almost mad with mortification and annoyance. There had been some terrible scenes once or twice, when Martha was off her guard and Lady Severne made her escape.

Lady Yorke, who had suspected in Italy what was wrong, now saw it plainly, and for the sake of the household Lord Severne had been compelled to tell her. She was distressed and grieved, but nothing could be done. Until Lady Severne came to her senses again she could not be removed. The only thing was to maintain the fiction of her illness, and keep her secluded in her room. It was now three days since Martha Glyde, going one evening to put away her lady's jewels, found her insensible, and knew what had happened.

"We shall have a week of it," she said to me; "I know that."

"Surely not, if we keep everything from her?"

"That we cannot do. I have been sharp and diligent as a detective; so has my lord. You may baffle the cunning of a rogue or a thief, but never the cunning of a drunkard. His lordship was very unwilling to come here," Martha continued; "but Lady Severne promised faithfully to give no trouble in this way. She is fond of Lady Yorke, and she said it was so long since she had really enjoyed herself. The third day we were here his lordship said to me, 'Martha, I had better have died than have brought her here!' He talked to her, oh, so kindly! She cried and made all sorts of promises; but it was all in vain. Look at her now."

Lady Yorke told me much the same story, adding that Lord Severne's distress, when he was compelled to tell her the truth, was terrible.

"I am sorry for her," said Lady Yorke; "but for him my pity knows no bounds. He cannot go into society. If he takes her with him, he lives in constant fear; if he leaves her at home alone, his fear is greater still. His whole career is spoiled, his whole life blighted; he is miserably unhappy, and I see no hope or help for him. It is a millstone tied round his neck."

Her words were so many blows to me. The very novelty of the discovery made me only more miserable. I could not help asking—

"If you knew of this, Lady Yorke, why did you ask her here?"

Yet the thought came to me that, if they had never come, I should always have believed Mark to be dead.

"I was not quite sure of it in Italy, and I never thought—I could never have dreamed—that it had reached this point. Honestly, much as I like and pity Lord Severne, if I had known the whole truth, I should not have invited them, nor would Lord Yorke have done so. I cannot tell you how unpleasant it is. Every moment of the day I am in anxious suspense and misery. What an expose it would be if any one of the other guests should get to know it! And in a large household like this it is almost impossible to keep such a secret."

"It is very difficult," I replied.

"You will do your best, I know, Miss Chester," said Lady Yorke, to whom anxieties of any kind were quite new. "Lord Severne has promised me that he will take his wife away as soon as she recovers, and I shall be glad."

"Where will they go?" I asked.

She looked just a little surprised at the question, believing them to be strangers.

"Somewhere on the Continent," she answered. "He will never be able to live at that beautiful home of his."

"But why does he not send her away?"

"I suppose he would do so if she were always alike; but, you see, there are many weeks together when she is herself, charming and beautiful."

"Does he love her?" I asked abruptly.

"I think he did love her. My opinion is that he was carried away by her beauty, and married her in a sudden fit of impulse. I do not think she is the woman whom he would have chosen calmly. I do not think he loves her now. No man could love a woman addicted to that vice. He is anxious, very unhappy; he smarts under the disgrace; he is always nervous and apprehensive; but I do not think he loves her."

Was it so much the better, or so much the worse?

Lady Yorke hastened away, and I was left to my own thoughts. Granted that it was Nemesis, granted that Mark had done wrong, it was a terrible punishment. It rendered all the gifts of fortune useless to him. I could sympathise with his difficulties. If he tried to put her away from him, it would only draw public attention to that which he was most anxious to conceal. It seemed to me that some noble motive actuated him. He had taken the hapless woman for better for worse, and he was trying his best. He gave her the shield, the protection of his name and his home.

CHAPTER XV.

I hope I shall never have another such experience. It was too terrible. Watching and caring for a madwoman must be bad enough; this was worse. Strange to say, the hapless woman took a fancy to me. Looking at her, so changed, so repellent, I could not believe that she would ever be the same attractive woman again. But Martha said "Yes;" in a day or two she would recover herself, and no one on seeing her would have the least suspicion. This was the worst and the longest fit she had ever had.

There were times when she knew me, and times when she did not.

"You are Miss Chester," she said to me. "I like Miss Chester—a sweet face and a beautiful voice. Have they told you about me?"

"They have told me that you are very ill, and I am here to help you to get better."

"I shall never get better," she said, and that was the most sober and sensible interval she had.

At times she would cling to me wildly, crying out that I must get something for her; that they were keeping her there in prison, trying to starve her. Horrible paroxysms!

Poor Mark! This was the end of all his honors, happiness, and ambition! How I thought of him! How I pitied him! How I longed to comfort him! It seemed to me that never had a life been so cursed.

Lady Severne did not improve. The visitors were beginning to feel anxious. Lady Yorke was beset with inquiries. Was she really so ill that she could see no one? Why not have a doctor? A feverish cold did not last all this time. Was Lady Yorke sure there was nothing infectious—quite sure? It was a strange thing. Lady Yorke was at a loss how to parry such inquiries.

"I wish they would go," she said to me; "I am quite sure it will be found out."

Yet she, as well as I, saw how impossible it was to remove Lady Severne just at present.

One night I was very tired, and had gone earlier than usual to my room. It was fatigue that made me forget to fasten my door. Worn out with sorrow and dismay—grief about Lady Severne, distress for Lady Yorke, and sorrow inexpressible for Mark—I fell into a deep dreamless sleep.

I was awakened by the consciousness that some one had stealthily entered my room, and was trying to find me. I am

courageous by nature. If a thief had disturbed me I should have felt no fear, but this was no thief. A thick, muffled, hoarse voice whispered, "Miss Chester!" Then I felt the heat of a feverish breath on my face, and I knew that Lady Severne was there.

I rose hastily and turned up my lamp. A crouching, horrible figure was clinging to me. I could hardly believe that this was the beautiful Lady Severne, who held all men enthralled by her charms.

"You must get up," she said. "You are the only person in this house who is kind to me. You must get up and fetch me a bottle of brandy. I must have it."

It would be better, I thought, to take her a bottle of poison.

"I must have it," she continued. "I mean to have it. I know what is going on, although I am shut up. I know proud, refined Lady Yorke would not like her household raised during the dead of night by one of her guests clamoring for something to drink. She would not like it; but, if you do not give me what I want, I will beat the doors down, I will stand in the hall and scream until the whole house is raised."

A pretty dilemma! A nice visitor! I thought to myself; but I did not let her see my dismay.

"Where is Martha?" I asked, wondering how she had escaped, and thankful beyond all words that she was here with me in the "Queen's wing," rather than in the western tower with the visitors.

Lady Severne laughed—and I think that laugh was the most horrible sound I ever heard in my life.

"Poor old Martha!" she said. "She is off her guard. She fell asleep, and I took the key. What will she say when she wakes? Now, Miss Chester, am I to raise the roof from the house, or will you get what I want?"

"Neither," I said. "I am stronger than you. If you attempt to scream or to make a noise, I shall prevent it, even if I hurt you. You will go back to your own room, and remain there in quiet."

I was quite uncertain how my experiment would succeed. I was prepared to see her spring at my throat, as she had at Martha's a few days since, to see her beat the doors with horrible cries, as she had on the previous day, when Martha was compelled to send for Lord Severne.

I looked at her steadily and calmly. Gradually the wild eyes fell before mine. I knew that, if I could assert and maintain my authority over her then, I should keep it—and I did so. I took her back to her room, and the prayer that rose to my lips every moment was "Heaven help Mark!" If this was his life, if these were the scenes to which he was accustomed, this creature, hardly human now, the companion of his life, then indeed had he need of Heaven's help and pity.

I contrived to get her back safely to her room, and to wake Martha, who was horrified at her carelessness; but, as she told me with tears in her eyes, she was worn out. Never can I forget the night that followed. I could not describe it. To me it had the horror of an Inferno. I cannot tell what would have happened if Martha had not consented, at last, to give her some brandy.

The next night Martha was so worn out that I persuaded her to go to bed. Nothing else could restore her, and I promised not to leave her unhappy mistress for a moment.

"You will have a terrible night, Miss Chester," said the grim woman.

"I shall not mind that, Martha, if you have a good one," I answered.

I found Lady Severne inclined to be quiet and to talk rationally. There was something of sullen defiance about her at first, but it died away when I had been some little time with her. I tried to interest her, and to make her forget the horrible craving for stimulants that was destroying her. She became more like herself.

It was about four in the morning—a lovely June morning, bright with sunshine and with dew, fragrant with the odor of lily and rose. During her fits Lady Severne never went to rest like a rational being. That made her so difficult to manage. She would sit up all night and sleep in the day. A sudden gleam of gold shooting into the room showed me that the sun was rising. I drew aside the hangings and opened the window, letting in the sweetness and freshness of the morning air.

"Dear Lady Severne, do come here for one minute," I said.

She came and stood in silence by my side. I saw her look at the brilliant, beautiful tints of the morning sky, at the fresh tender beauty of the green trees; and then her eyes wandered round the room. The glasses, the bottles, the garish light of the lamp, the confusion and disorder, how they contrasted with the bright pure heavens and the clear light of day! I knew that the contrast had touched her; I felt that the peaceful influences of the morning had reached her. The wind, which was like the breath of roses, seemed to change her face as it swept over it. She put her arms round me.

"I am so tired," she said.

I took her in my arms and laid her head upon my breast—a lost, unhappy woman, I knew, but still Mark's wife. The warm tears were falling then from her eyes.

"How kind you are to me!" she said. "I am so tired that I could sleep for ever, I think. Tell me something. Say to me some of the beautiful words that you sing."

There came into my mind one of those poems that my mother had loved—one she had often repeated to me—one which, when she lay dying she had asked me to say once again for her. I shall never forget my surroundings as Lady Severne preferred her request—the blue sky flushed with rosy light, the green earth waking up to summer life, the dark back-ground of the room that had been like a prison, the beautiful, yet haggard face that lay upon my breast, and the tears that fell like rain. I told her that what I was about to repeat was my mother's favorite, and it was called "An Angel's Song."

"You have the face of an angel," she said, "looking up at me, "with that golden light upon it;" and she listened to every word.

Tears are the dew of heaven, the poets tell us. Tears fell from Lady Severne's eyes upon my dress and hands. She was clinging to me, wildly crying out that she wished she had been a better woman, that she loathed her sin, that she loathed herself.

Would I show her the way to that heaven where the angels sang? What could she do to atone to Mark? What could she do to regain her lost youth and goodness? She clutched my arm as she cried out—

"A demon holds me in his grasp—take me from him!"

Then, with tears of regret and repentance, utterly exhausted, she fell into a deep sleep with her head upon my breast.

And I? Well, I know so little of the hold this terrible vice takes of its victims that, as I held her closely clasped in my arms in the light of the morning sun, I thought she was saved, and tears of gratitude filled my eyes. I thought the sweet influences of the fair summer morn had spoken to her heart, that grace from heaven had fallen like dew upon her soul.

I let her sleep as long as she could, and then Martha came back. We laid her down, pale and exhausted, on her bed. I whispered my hope to the old nurse. She said—

"Please Heaven! But I have seen her ladyship repent before now, and found her worse than ever a few hours afterwards."

Despite those words, I had a hope.

"Farther and fainter the song died out,
But I heard the angels still."

CHAPTER XVI.

MY HOPE was vain. A few days afterwards Lady Severne was, to use the nurse's phrase, worse than ever. The blow that Lady Yorke had feared fell; the terrible expose which she had dreaded came. For a day or two Lady Severne had been better.

She came down to dinner, and was careful what she drank. There was relief on Mark's face and on Lady Yorke's. On the third day an awful occurrence happened. Whether Martha was tired, off her guard, or in ignorance of what was going on, I know not. Perhaps Lady Severne had deceived her. I know only the results. Martha dressed her ladyship for dinner, and Lady Severne asked for a favorite dress of hers, a handsome white and gold brocaded satin. Martha was delighted that she should take so great an interest in her appearance; that was always a good sign. She evidently did not perceive anything wrong in Lady Severne, or possibly the mischief was done after she left her.

We were all in the drawing-room, waiting for the dinner-bell. Lord Severne was talking to Captain Forrester, more at ease and less anxious than I had seen him for many days; and Lady Yorke looked as though a great load had been taken from her mind. Some one had just inquired if we should have the pleasure of seeing Lady Severne at dinner, and Lady Yorke had answered, with a bright smile, that she was much better and would certainly join them, when the door opened, and we saw her standing on the threshold, saw the gleam of white and gold, saw the light in the diamonds, the graceful figure, the white jeweled hands.

Alas, alas, how shall I tell it? In one moment I saw what was the matter—so did Mark and Lady Yorke; and we all three hastened towards her. Her face was ghastly, her eyes were wild, and a leering smile hovered on her lips. Half conscious herself that she was not able to move, yet with a mad defiance of her own feelings, she tried to walk with a dignified step into the room and, before one of us could reach her, could put out a hand to save her, she had fallen upon her face, to the dismay and distress of every one present. In less than a minute Lord Severne had raised his wife in his arms and borne her away.

Lady Yorke, with a presence of mind I have never seen equalled, but with a face white as death, turned to her guests.

"Lady Severne has fallen over her train," she said quietly. "I wish those long sweeping trains were out of fashion; they are very dangerous."

There was a polite murmur of regret, but no one spoke. Whether any of those assembled there knew the truth, had really seen and understood her condition, I cannot tell.

No one mentioned her name or spoke of her after that.

The same evening Mark, with an effort for which I admired him, returned to the drawing-room and spoke of his wife.

His visit to Westwood, he said, had been a pleasant one, but he was afraid the air did not suit Lady Severne. She had not been well since her arrival, and he thought it would be better for them to go.

I believe every heart in the room ached for him; he looked so anxious and so sad. There were a few words of regret from the visitors, a kindly-expressed hope that Lady Severne would soon recover.

Not one word of suspicion was breathed; but there was a strange quiet. No one talked much; we had no music, no singing.

One or two spoke of leaving Westwood, and there was over all an indefinable shadow and gloom. Later on Mark, addressing me almost for the first time, said—

"Nellie, see—there are several people out on the terrace enjoying the moonlight. I want to say good-bye to you. I shall never see you again. Will you come?"

I went. My heart was filled with anguish and despair, a horrible restless pain.

He was going away—Mark, who had been my lover—in distress and sorrow, and we were never to meet again.

We stood together, as we had so many times before, in the bright moonlight, and Mark raised his haggard face to mine.

"You know my secret now, Nellie," he said.

"Heaven help you, Mark!" I answered, with tears.

"You have been very good to my unhappy wife; you have been your own self—generous, noble, forgiving.

"I believe, Nellie, that if any one could do her good, it would be you. She loves you; she seems to have a certain faith and truth in you."

He looked at me wistfully. "I dare not ask you—you would not, of course—you could not in any way take charge of her—travel with us? Ah, no—I am mad to think of such a thing!"

Yet to refuse him was the hardest thing I had ever had to do in my life.

"No, I could not do that. The wide world must lie between us, Mark, for evermore. I will think of you, pray for you, but see you again—never!"

"You are right, Nellie, and I have no reason to complain. It is all my own fault. I have paid a bitter price for my weakness and folly—only Heaven knows how bitter; man could never tell. I deserve to suffer!"

"What shall you do?" I asked, looking with loving, longing eyes at the dark handsome face, so humble and so sad.

"I shall do my best, Nellie. After to-night, I have done with the world. I will never visit nor receive visitors again; I have finished with society.

"I cannot bear the disgrace; but I shall do my best for my helpless wife. I broke one vow; I will not break another. It was 'for better for worse,' and it is for the worst.

"I shall take her away from England, find some place where there are few temptations, and take the greatest care of her. There is no hope, I fear; but I will do my best until the very end. I fastened the yoke round my own neck; I must bear it with patience and courage.

"I say good-bye to all that is bright in life to-night, Nellie. I would rather die a thousand deaths than risk such a scene again. I am going from light to darkness. There is one thing only that can make me less sad and less sorrowful."

"What is it, Mark?" I asked, with fast-falling tears.

"It is this, Nellie—that before I go you will say you forgive me. The burden of my life is a heavy one, and the heaviest part of it is the sorrow that my mad folly has brought upon you.

"Say you forgive me. Let me take into my dreary exile that knowledge, and it will be to me a gleam of happiness, the only one that can reach me after my cowardice, my weakness, my folly, my betrayal of your faith and truth. Oh, lost love of my youth, oh, true love of my heart, forgive me, forgive me!"

He was kneeling at my feet. Was it wrong, when I saw his white face so full of anguish, his eyes so full of pain—was it wrong to bend over him, to put my face for one minute near his, to kiss him, with my whole soul on my lips, while I said—"I forgive you, oh, dearest love! Good-bye!"

The last sound I remember was the terrible, passionate sobbing of a strong man, and then came to me a merciful oblivion.

They left Westwood early the next morning. How the removal was managed I never heard, and I was too sick at heart to inquire.

I spent the next two years with Lady Yorke, as happy as I could ever be in this world, helping her in all her good deeds and works of charity, thinking always, with a sorely aching heart, of Mark.

We had heard nothing of him. He never wrote. He had kept his word; he had cut himself adrift from every social tie and from the world.

I asked Lady Yorke if she had received any from him. The answer was always "No;" but we often spoke, when we were quite alone, of the beautiful, helpless woman who was worse than dead.

One morning Lord Yorke looked up from his newspaper.

"Louise," he said, "Have you seen this? 'At Nice, on the 18th inst., after a long and lingering illness, Lurline, Lady Severne, aged twenty-seven.'"

"How young to die!" said Lady Yorke.

And I wondered if the long and lingering illness had been sent to help to purify that poor sinful soul, in which, after all, there had been a yearning for good. Had she gone,

"Where the houseless shall seek a shelter,
The lonely shall find a friend—
Where the heart's desire shall be granted
That hath trusted and loved to the end?"

I never in all the after-years asked how she died. The only thing told to me was, "She died in peace!" and I know great is the mercy of Heaven, how perfect the pardon for sin.

Mark came back to me, not then, but two years afterwards, and asked me again to be his wife.

"I know, Nellie," he said, "that some women of a nature lower than yours would punish me now, would take their revenge, would send me away heart-broken and wretched, would give me back pain for pain, would delight in heaping scorn and contempt on me.

"You might do so, Nellie; I am at your mercy. If you send me away, I cannot complain; but, as there is mercy in heaven, there should be mercy on earth. Love, my love, take me; help me to a better man; help me to be noble and strong! My life is in your hands, Nellie; will you say me nay?"

How could I, when I had loved him, and him only, all my life? How could I, when every glance, every word of his was dear to me? How could I, when my heart, my love, were his, as they had always been? I did not say him nay. Mark knows best what I said.

I am Lady Severne now, with fair children growing round me, and I love my husband just as much as I did when we met and parted under the lilac-trees. I love him so well and so dearly that I pray I may die looking on his face.

The only reference to the past that Mark ever made was one day when he took me in his arms, and said—

"Nellie, my love for you was never Love for a Day."

THE END.

"MAUDIE," he faltered, after he had made his trembling confession and the girl had said yes, "shall—shall—are you going to—to tell anybody about it?" "How can I keep from telling it, Harold?" said the maiden. "My lips are not sealed." And Harold attended to the sealing at once.

The Reconciliation.

BY F. S.

"FASTER, faster! your horses creep like snails! drive for your life!" cried the impatient Morley, as the noble animals he so slandered dashed along the pebbly turnpike road, while the sparks flew from their iron-shod hoofs like a flight of fire-flies.

The postilion, with voice and whip, put them to the top of their speed; and the chaise, in its rapid course, left behind it a train of light as though its wheels had been ignited. A high and steep hill in front enforced a moderate flight, when Morley, as if struck by a sudden recollection, turned his head anxiously towards his companion, a handsome and lovely young woman, who, pale, silent, and motionless, reclined on his shoulder.

"Ellen, my love," said Morley tenderly, "I fear this will prove too much for your delicate frame?"

There was no reply, and he leaned his face nearer to hers, and by the moonbeams saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazing on vacancy, while the tears, which had recently streamed from them, seemed congealed upon her bloodless cheeks.

"Merciful Heaven!" he exclaimed, "what means this? Ellen, beloved! do you not hear me? will you not speak to me—to Morley, your Morley?" and he pressed her gently in his arms.

The name he uttered, like a charm, dissolved the spell which bound her. A long-drawn sigh, as if struggling from a breaking heart, escaped her cold, quivering lips; a fresh fountain of tears burst forth; and with an hysteric sigh she fell upon the bosom of her lover. The alarmed but enraptured Morley folded her in his arms, and bent to kiss away her tears, when, with a sudden start, she disengaged herself from his embrace, and, drawing back, looked wildly and earnestly in his face.

"Morley," she said, in a voice of thrilling tone, "Do you love me?"

"My dearest, beloved Ellen," he replied, "is it possible that you can doubt it?"

"Do you love me?" she repeated, with increased earnestness.

"Truly, devotedly, madly," cried Morley, on his knees. "By the Heaven that is shining above us, I love you."

"No more oaths—enough of protestations," said Ellen. "Are you willing by one action at this moment to prove that I am really and truly dear to you?"

"I am," he replied, "though it should carry with it my destruction!"

"I ask not your destruction," she said. "I implore you to prevent mine! Return!"

"Return!" exclaimed Morley.

"Return instantly!" repeated Ellen.

"Ellen! Are you serious—are you," (he would have added,) "in your senses?" but she interrupted him.

"I am serious," she said. "I am not mad, Morley; no, nor inconstant, nor fickle," she added, reading the expression which she discovered on Morley's countenance. "That I love, and in that love am incapable of change, do not, Morley, insult me by doubting even by a look. But oh! if you love me as you ought, as you have sworn you do, as a man of honor, I implore you to take me back to my father——"

"To your father?" exclaimed Morley, almost unconscious of what he said.

"Ay, to my father," replied Ellen—"my gray-headed, my doting, my confiding father; take me to him before his heart is broken by the child he loves. I have been with him," she cried, in wild agony, "even now, as I lay in your arms, spell-bound in my trance, while the carriage rolled on to my perdition.

"I could not move, I could not speak; but I knew where I was, and whither I was hurrying; yet even then I was with my father," she said, with a voice and look of supernatural solemnity. "He lay on his death-bed, his eye turned upon me—his fixed and glazing eye—it rested on me as I lay in your arms. He cursed me, and died! His malediction yet rings in my ears. His eye is now upon me. Morley, for love of Heaven, ere it be too late, take me back!——"

"Compose yourself," said Morley, "my beloved, my own Ellen, compose yourself."

"Do you still hesitate!" she exclaimed; "would you still soothe my frantic soul with words—your Ellen? Short-sighted man—your Ellen! What shall bind her to a husband who could abandon her father—and such a father! What power may transform the renegade daughter into the faithful wife? Morley, listen to me; as you hope for mercy, do not destroy the being who loves you—who asks you to preserve her soul!"

Morley caught her as she sank at his feet, and she remained in his arms in a state of insensibility. He was confounded—subdued.

The fatigued horses had labored about half way up the acclivity, when Morley called to the postilion. "Turn your horses' heads," he said; "we shall return." The steeds seemed to acquire renewed vigor from the alteration in their course, and were proceeding at a brisk rate on their return, when Ellen again revived.

"Where am I, and whither am I carried?" she wildly exclaimed.

"To your father, my beloved," whispered Morley.

"To my father!—to my father!" she repeated. "Can it be? But no, I will not doubt you, Morley; you never deceived me—you cannot. God bless you, Morley! God bless you, my brother—my dear brother!" and with her pure arms around his neck she imprinted a sister's holy kiss upon his lips, and, dissolved in tears, sank with the confidence of conscious innocence upon his bosom. The ethereal influence of virtue fell like a balm upon the tumultuous feelings of the lovers; and never in the wildest moments of passion, not even when he first heard the avowal of love from his heart's idol, had Morley felt so transcendently happy.

* * * * * *

"Where is he?—Is he alive?—Let me see him—Is he well?" shrieked Ellen, as she rushed into the house of her father.

"For whom do you inquire, madam?" coldly asked the female she addressed, the maiden sister of Ellen's father.

"Aunt, dear aunt, do not speak to me thus," said Ellen. "I am not what you think me. But my father—my dear father—is he alive?—is he well? Oh, beloved aunt, have pity on me, I am repentant, I am innocent!"

"In one word, Ellen, are you married?"

"I am not," she replied.

"Heaven be praised!" said her aunt. "Follow me; your father is not well."

"For the love of Heaven, before it is too late!" and the distracted girl rushed into the room and knelt at her father's side. "Father," she cried, "do not avert your face, father, I am your own Ellen. I am restored to you as I left you. By the years of love that have passed between us, forgive the folly—the offence—the crime of a moment. By the memory of my mother——"

"Cease," said the old man, endeavoring through the weakness of age and infirmity, and the workings of agonized feelings, to be firm, "forbear, and answer me—is this gentleman your husband?"

Ellen was about to reply, but Morley stepped forward. "I am not," said he, "blessed with that lady's hand; she has refused it unless it is given with your sanction, and without that sanction, dear as she is to me, and hopeless as I may be of your consent, I will never hereafter ask it."

"Do you pledge your word to this, young man?"

"My sacred word," replied Morley; "as a man of honor. I have inherited your hate, but I will never deserve it."

"Children, you have subdued me!" exclaimed the father. "Morley, my daughter is yours!"

Morley seized the old man's hand, scarcely believing the scene before him to be real.

"My father," said the weeping Ellen, on her knees, her arms round his neck, and her innocent cheek pressed to his.

The good aunt partook of the general joy, and even Ellen's favorite dog seemed to thank her father for his kindness to his dear mistress.

The happy father sat with his arm round his daughter's waist; and, as he pressed her lover's hand, he said, "Behold in all this the goodness of God; behold the blessings that follow the performance of our duties. Your father, young gentleman, before you saw the light, had entailed my hate on his offspring. I had nourished this bitter feeling even against you, who had never offended me, and whom everyone else loved. This very day the cherished hostility of years had given way before my desires to secure my daughter's happiness. I felt that age was creeping upon me; and but the morning of this blessed day I had resolved over this holy Book to prove my contrition for my sinful harboring of hatred towards my fellow-creatures, by uniting you, my children, in marriage. The tidings of my daughter's elopement scattered to the winds all my better thoughts, and revived my worst in tenfold strength. I did not order a pursuit: I did more. I felt, at least I thought so, the approach of my malady to a region where it would soon prove fatal. No time was to be lost. My will was hastily drawn out, bequeathing my beggared daughter but her father's curse; it would have been signed this night; for over this Book I had taken an oath never to forgive her who could abandon her fond and doting father."

"Oh! my father," interrupted Ellen, to whom the horrid images of her trance returned; "in pity, dear father——"

"Bless you, for ever bless you, my excellent Ellen. Your filial obedience has prolonged your father's life, saved him a great sin, and I doubt not secured your ultimate happiness."

NATURAL LAWS.—Our misery arises from the infringement of natural laws; as long as those laws remain broken, our misery will still continue. Hope is by our side, and she tells us, with the unmistakable voice of truth, that men will some day grow wiser and less selfish than at present—when most of the present suffering shall pass away—when none need be long unhappy, except through their own fault—for the earth was created for a good and happy purpose, though it takes myriads of years to accomplish it. Duty is a pillar firmly fixed in rocks of adamant, round which we climb heavenward. The energies of man are tempered to an iron hardness by adversity; that our strength springs up fresher under the clouds of trials and sufferings; that our souls are breed by the keen, cold winds of poverty; our faculties purified by the fire of affliction. A Scottish proverb says, "We maun live with the present, and not with the past." Our duty lies with the present, and it is simply by making it as good as possible that we can mould the future. The fault of the literature of the day is that it is too retrospective. There are times when all of us become disheartened, when the spirit within us faints, when we sigh in our hearts, when we are bowed down by the loss of a dear friend or kindred, or overcome by dire misfortunes, but the darkest clouds soon disperse at a sunny light which brightens our hopes and make us look for happier days to come. After all, we live far more in our world of thoughts, and fancies, and dreams, and spend a happier existence, too, in them, than on the real material world.

L. G. W.

SOUTH AMERICA.—If North America is the adopted home of the Teutonic race, not less so is South America the goal for which the Latin peoples make.

The great preponderance of English, Irish and Germans which we see in the northern continent has no existence in the southern.

It is to Italy, Portugal and Spain that the countries south of the equator look for their reinforcements.

Twenty years ago the foreign-born Portuguese in Brazil were 40.8 per cent. of the whole, the Germans 18.8, but of late years the relative numbers have undergone a change.

The overflowing population of Italy has chosen Brazil for its settlement, with surprising results.

From 1883 to 1887 the Italian immigrants were 33.5 per cent. of the whole number; the Portuguese come next, with 29.9, and the Germans have dropped to 5.9 per cent., being almost equalled by the Spaniards, with 4.7.

In Argentine the Italian ascendency is even more marked. From 1879 to 1888, 67.4 per cent. of the immigrants were Italians; 15.3 were Spaniards, 8.9 Frenchmen and but 1.7 Englishmen.

In 1887 the population of 600 000 in round figures contained no less than 280 000 Italians, and in 1890 alone 39,123 were added to it.

J. A. MCCONVILLE, who lives on Montana street, Butte, killed one of his chickens for dinner, and on cleaning it was surprised to find a quantity of gold nuggets in the crop and gizzard. Having about 30 more chickens on hand he began killing and examining them. In each of them he found a pro rata of nuggets, the total amount gathered from the 31 hens being $367 50, an average of $12 50 a head. The gold was sold to the State National Bank and pronounced 18 karats fine. Mr. McConville bought 50 more chickens and turned them out on the gold fields in the vicinity of the hen coop. Yesterday, as an experiment, one of them was killed and $2 80 of gold taken from its inside works, the result of a four days' run. Mr. McConville has a virtual bonanza, and expects to be a millionaire before spring if the chickens hold out.

Bric-a-Brac.

SHOES.—In a pair of fine shoes there are two sewed pieces, two inner soles, two stiffenings, two pieces of steel to give a spring to the instep, two rands, 12 heel pieces, two sole linings, 20 upper pieces, 30 tacks, 12 nails in the heels and 20 buttons, to say nothing of thread, both silk and flax; but the wonder is found in the rapidity with which these multitudinous pieces are combined in a single completed work, for, as an experiment, some of our shoe factories have from the leather completed a pair of shoes in less than an hour and a half, and, as a test, a single pair of men's shoes have been finished in 20 minutes.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.—The difficulty of a foreigner learning the Chinese language may be inferred from the statement of an English traveler. He and his companion, previous to starting for China, had supplied themselves with a Chinese grammar. In a day or two the discovery was made that the single letter I had 145 ways of being pronounced. Each had an entirely different meaning. Then it dawned upon them that there was no poetry about the Chinese language, that it was not worth learning, and their grammar was secretly consigned to the river mud by being dropped overboard.

COCAINE.—A rather remarkable discovery has just been made. A gentleman in Berlin was conducting experiments with a view to determining how weak a solution of cocaine would prove efficacious as a local anæsthetic in minor surgical operations, when he stumbled upon the fact that simple water injected under the skin with a syringe renders the flesh at that point insensible to pain. The effect of the water is to create a slight swelling resembling that cause by the sting of a gnat. The space marked by the swelling remains insensible to pain for some minutes, so that the incision can be made without causing the slightest pain.

SHEEP AS BEASTS OF BURDEN.—In the northern parts of India sheep are put to a use unthought of in European countries. They are made to serve as beasts of burden. The mountain paths among the foothills of the Himalayas are so precipitous that the sheep, more sure-footed than larger beasts, are preferred as burden carriers. The load for each sheep is from sixteen to twenty pounds. The sheep are driven from village to village, with the wool still growing, and in each town the farmer shears as much wool as he can sell there, and loads the sheep with the grain which he receives in exchange. After his flock has been sheared he returns it homeward, each sheep having on its back a small bag containing the purchased grain.

ALBINO BEARS AND BEARS SACRED.—With reference to the albino bear, which, as we mentioned recently, was taken in the western part of the island of Yezo, it is noteworthy that albino animals are regarded by the Japanese in a superstitious light. The appearance of one is considered a good omen for the reigning Mikado, and occasionally signalizes a reign. For example, one reign is called "hakuchi nenkan," or period of the white pheasant; another, the "haku hoo nenkan," or period of the white phœnix. A white fox is often mentioned in their fables, and a white serpent appears in their pictures of Benten, the goddess of fortune. Among the Japanese, as among the ancient Greeks and Scythians, white horses were dedicated to the gods, and are still attached to the larger temples of the country. The milk and butter of white cows were formerly prized as a medicine.

CHINESE BABIES.—Chinese babies have a hard time of it. When they are a month old their heads are shaved, the operation being attended with much ceremony. The almanac is consulted to determine what things the poor youngsters may see and touch and what things they may not. The first time babies leave home they are taken to see their grandmothers, who present them with four chickens, four onions, two heads of cabbage, several pieces of sugar cane and a lot of rice pods, as if such things could be any use to an infant without a tooth in his head. Parents have such complete control of their children that they may even pawn or sell them if they desire to, and they can chastise them so unmercifully that the children die of the punishment without any attention being paid to it by the authorities. On the whole it appears that the lot of the infant and of the small boys and girls is not an enviable one in the Celestial dominions.

THE BEST OF IT.

BY C. J. D.

Life is but a fleeting dream,
Care destroys the zest of it;
Swift it glideth like a stream—
Mind you make the best of it!
Talk not of your weary woes,
Troubles, or the rest of it;
We have but a brief repose,
Let us make the best of it!

Trusting in the Power above,
Which, sustaining all of us
In one common bond of love,
Bindeth great and small of us;
Whatsoever may befall—
Sorrows, or the rest of it—
We shall overcome them all,
If we make the best of it.

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL," "MY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MAIDE DALE'S PORTION," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI—(CONTINUED.)

ALL THE ladies at that end of the room seemed fluttered, as if they detected some hidden meaning under the seemingly harmless words. Annette Wallace, the Doctor's daughter, brightened up at once. The aggressive youthfulness of Mr. Hayes' wife had always been a cause of secret offence to that well-matured lady.

"Perhaps you don't quite know how much you are insinuating, Miss Fisher," she said. "You can hardly mean us to understand that Mrs. Hayes gets rid of you for the deliberate purpose of flirting with her cousin; though indeed," she added, without giving Miss Fisher time to make any disclaimer, "even that would hardly surprise me in the case of such a child. What Mr. Hayes could have been thinking of when he married her I can't understand. Of course it is natural she should be bent upon amusing herself before anything else. How can such a mere girl be expected to trouble herself with such a serious matter as her duty to her husband?"

"Oh, my dear," gasped Mrs. Leith, "I don't think you should even suggest such possibilities!"

"Oh, but Annette is so keen-sighted!" exclaimed Chrissie Wallace. "She seldom makes a mistake, you know, Mrs. Leith."

"I don't think Mrs. Hayes is quite the simple child you take her for, Miss Annette," put in Miss Fisher, in her smooth mellow tones; and the remark, though apparently made in defence of the absent lady, had a curious effect upon her listeners. They one and all at once concluded that Miss Fisher could make them open their eyes and ears very widely indeed if she were so inclined.

"Well, at any rate, she looks innocent enough," said Mrs. Leith sturdily. "I can't believe there is much worldly wisdom behind those frank gray eyes and that pretty pleading smile."

"Is that Mrs. Hayes you are still dissecting?" inquired Mrs. Burtenshaw, coming up to that end of the room. "Haven't you finished cutting the poor little soul to mincemeat yet? We are stopping work for this afternoon, Miss Fisher. Why, what a heap of cutting-out you have got through! How in the world did you manage it?"

"Quite professional cutting-out, isn't it?" chimed in Chrissie Wallace, who had hitherto played "first fiddle" at Mrs. Burtenshaw's Dorcas meeting. "I don't believe that a professed cutter-out—one who does it for money, you know—could have done more in the time."

"Do you think nobody works their best but those who work for money, then?" queried Miss Fisher, with unruffled sweetness. "Rather a low estimation of human nature, isn't it? Surely one puts better work into a labor of love than into one of mere necessity?"

"Hear, hear!" muttered Mrs. Leith; and Miss Chrissie turned to pick up her hat from the couch with a very unamiable look on her face.

Miss Fisher remained at the Rectory until the very last, and even then she seemed disinclined to go until the Rector's wife sent for her hat and proposed to accompany her part of the way home.

"I am like a skeleton at a feast just now at Cruxwold," she said laughingly, in explanation to Mrs. Burtenshaw, as she lingered at the little gate opening into the churchyard. "Those two good people have so much to talk about; they are always recalling this incident and that event which happened while Mrs. Hayes was still a happy girl, and I can't help feeling I am a little in the way."

Mrs. Burtenshaw stood for a moment fidgeting with the latch of the gate before she answered; and then she flushed a little, as if she were rather afraid that her words might give offence.

"I wouldn't talk like that about Mrs. Hayes and her cousin if I were you, Miss Fisher dear. Of course I know you don't mean any harm, but people are always so ready to think the worst they can of anybody."

"My dear Mrs. Burtenshaw," cried Miss Fisher, "you can't imagine I meant to insinuate any harm? Her own first cousin—a man she has known since her childhood!"

"But people are so evil-minded," urged the kind-hearted little lady, feeling very guilty when she saw Miss Fisher's wounded air; "and Mrs. Hayes is so young and inexperienced!"

"I can't imagine anybody being vulgar or coarse-minded enough to make harm out of my innocent little piece of nonsense."

"But that is just where people make the mistake," replied the Rector's wife recovering her confidence, a little to Miss Fisher's discomfiture. "It is considered coarse and vulgar—to use your own words—to speak candidly of such matters, and so folk always think you mean a great deal more than you say. I'm not a lady by birth, you know, Miss Fisher, so you must make excuses for me if I commit the vulgarity of saying just what I mean."

"And what do you mean, Mrs. Burtenshaw?" The voice was as quiet as usual, but the eyes looked curiously alert. "Do you mean to charge me with accusing Mrs. Hayes of behavior unworthy of her position?"

"I can't understand why you should take what I have said in that spirit." Mrs. Burtenshaw's honest eyes looked quite steadily at the pale indignant face above her. If Miss Fisher had thought to cow the parson's wife, she was deceived. "I only wanted to give you a hint—I thought perhaps you did not understand the failings of a little community like this as well as I do. Annette Wallace will repeat all she has heard here this afternoon to everybody she meets for the next month. She'll do more; she'll add what she herself said about Mrs. Hayes and Mr. Mackenzie, and assure people that you could not deny it when she put it to you; and the next thing will be a rumor of an approaching divorce or some such nonsense, and trouble is sure to come of it. I've seen this sort of thing before, and it might all have been stopped if some one had only had the courage to put the scandal down boldly at the beginning."

Miss Fisher stood silent for a moment as if irresolute, and then turned and held out her hand.

"Thank you!" she said. "I shall not forget; I will be more careful as to what I say."

"And if I were you, I wouldn't come down again to the Dorcas while Mr. Mackenzie is up yonder," suggested Mrs. Burtenshaw, shaking hands with hearty good will.

Miss Fisher did not answer in words; she only nodded and smiled back as she started at last on her long-deferred homeward walk.

CHAPTER XVII.

HUGH MACKENZIE sat with an open book in his hand, but for the preceding ten minutes he had been intently watching his cousin's face. There was a resolute expression in his usually sleepy blue eyes. Three times, while he had been looking at her, Hilda had sighed and put down her reading, as though she found it impossibe to fix her mind upon it, and sat for a time gazing, with a pathetic look in her eyes, across the glories of the sunflowers and the orchard to the dim blue hills on the horizon. The next time she did so, Hugh spoke.

"When did you last hear from Hayes, Hilda?"

It was the first time her husband's name had been mentioned between them during Hugh's visit, and the startled glance as she looked up at him, and the painful blush which followed, told him that the omission of all allusion to her husband had been intentional on her part. This sudden introduction of his name appeared to have disturbed her self-possession for the moment; she seemed unable to find a reply to the simple question, and sat nervously turning the leaves of her book in a purposeless fashion.

"Why, what is there to upset you in such a question as that?" he cried. "I suppose your lord and master does occasionally condescend to let you know his whereabouts and what he is doing—eh?" But still Hilda said nothing, and a look of genuine surprise came over Hugh's face. "Good heavens, child, you don't mean to say he carries his neglect of you to such a pitch as that? It is incredible! Do you mean to tell me you don't know where he is?"

"I know that, Hugh. Wilberforce heard from him yesterday, about some wine he is sending over from Spain, and he brought the letter to me, as they all do."

Hugh sat looking at her incredulously for a few moments.

"I can't make it out," he said at last. "What does it mean? Of course I knew you did not care very much for him, but unfortunately there is nothing so very unusual in that. People generally get over that sort of thing when once they are married and there is no escape for them. How is it all going to end, Hilda? Does he intend to divorce himself from you in this informal manner for good? It is an unpardonable slight to put on you. I shall speak to my father about it."

She raised her eyes at last, full of a pain too deep for tears.

"You must not do that, Hugh."

"Why not? Is this wretch to be allowed to treat Lord Morristown's niece exactly as he would some poor little shop-girl whom he had elevated to the position of his wife? If he does not know his duty, he must be taught it, Hilda."

"He must not be even spoken to on the subject, Hugh, because—because he would gladly be—here—with me, if I could tolerate his society."

Again Hugh Mackenzie sat in silent astonishment, and Hilda sighed and looked away across the sunflowers.

"Do you really mean to tell me,' he said presently—"do you really mean that you—a poor little frightened timid thing—do you mean to say that this separation is more your doing than his? Have you plucked up enough spirit to oppose him openly, to tell him that you loathe his presence? I could not have believed you had so much courage in you. I thought you would accept your husband in the meek spirit that you had accepted all the rest of your mother's tyranny. What made you so recklessly brave?"

Not realizing the consequences which might follow upon her avowal, Hilda answered—

"Yes—I suppose it was unlike me; but I was mad with fear when—when I first let him know how I felt towards him."

"Fear?" echoed Hugh. "Mad with fear? Surely he was not violent? He did not——"

"No," she interposed—"not to me, Hugh; it was his treatment of——"

She paused abruptly, and lifted her book from her knee, as if she wished to drop the conversation. But it was too late. Hugh rose and, bringing a chair over to her side, sat down and spoke very earnestly.

"Now I am going to find out what has been puzzling me so much for the past fortnight. All the time I have felt there was something more in your manner than any ordinary disappointment could account for. What has this brute done to make you afraid of him?"

It took him a long time to persuade her to confide in him, and he could get only one little item out at a time; but at last he knew all she had to tell.

"So he had a wife living within a week of his marriage with you, and it was to visit her that he was masquerading under an assumed name in Edinburgh; and on the night of his visit, after a violent scene between them, she died in a manner not free from suspicion. Poor little timid soul! What a daily martyrdom you must go through in his presence! Is he aware that you know this, Hilda?"

"Not that I know she was his wife, Hugh, but the rest."

"No wonder he keeps of your sight all he can!"

"He has always been most considerate to me. He offered, when he was last at home, to send me away this autumn wherever I liked, so that I should not be here with him."

"This autumn? Is he coming back this autumn? I thought he was going to spend the winter abroad. Miss Fisher was speaking about it only this morning, imploring me to stay as long as I could, to shorten the lonely winter for you."

"I don't talk to Miss Fisher about—him. She knows nothing of our plans. Pierrepoint returns for a few weeks' hunting at the beginning of November, and then we go to Mackenzie House for Christmas and the New Year."

"And the offer he made you to go abroad—why didn't you accept it, Hilda?"

"Because then—when he went away with Mr. Watson—I was trying so hard, so very hard, Hugh, to disbelieve these things against him; I was trying to reconcile myself to my lot. And then, on the very day he left home, when I came back from seeing them off, Mrs. Westodging brought me a ring which they had found among some rubbish turned out of his writing-table drawer, the very ring spoken of in the letter, and I knew then that there was no more room for doubt." She had been very calm until now, but at the memory of the crushing grief of that second conviction of her husband's infamy her eyes filled with tears.

Hugh saw them, and a quick flash of passion sent the color into his face.

"The cruel brute," he muttered, "the cowardly villain, to tie up your blameless young life with such as his! What has he left for you, you poor ill-used little darling, but a barren loveless life, a life stripped of every joy that makes existence worth having? How can you endure it, Hilda? You can't—nobody could! It will be a living death! Better anything than such a fate!"

She moved her hands with a pathetic gesture, and, rising, went slowly across the lawn and in at the window.

For a few moments Hugh stood where she had passed him, a strongly-roused look on his usually passive face; then he strode after her.

"Hilda," he began, putting a strong restraint upon himself in his very sincere desire not to add to her pain—"Hilda, my dear, what do you mean to do about this brute's return? Can you stay and endure a month of his society in the dull winter weather, shut up in this great lonely house? Won't you alter your mind about his offer of a visit to the Continent, and get out of his way for a time?"

"What is the use, Hugh?" she asked despairingly. "Sooner or later we must learn to bear with each other. The longer we go on in this way the more difficult it will be."

"Why need you ever do it? He could not demand such a daily penance from you—even he could not be so brutal as that. Make him understand that your aversion is unconquerable, that you cannot exist under the same roof with him, that you insist upon a separate establishment; and, if he denies it to you, claim it yourself and defy him."

"It is all so lonely," she murmured in a low sorrowful tone—"so lonely and desolate! Whatever I do or wherever I go there is always that thought to be faced—the awful loneliness of my life. Oh, Hugh, how shall I ever get through with it? Shall I ever live down this aching of my heart, this awful sense of the emptiness of my life?"

"Poor little Hilda!" he said softly. "Poor lonely little child!"

"Yes; that is the pinnacle of my trouble—my loneliness. I don't feel it so much when dear old Terry Sugden is with me, or you. But I can't always have you. If I were to go abroad now, what could I do with my time? I should——"

"Darling," he whispered, "if my poor company would give you any comfort, you have only to say so, and it is yours whenever and wherever you wish."

"It does comfort me, Hugh," she murmured; and at the sad little admission he drew her head upon his shoulder and held it there tenderly.

"Don't you know there is nothing in all the world that I would not do to make up for the wrong I did you when I let you marry this brute? Don't you know that my life is yours, to do as you will with? If you knew the happiness it is to me to be near you, to feel that I am of some use in helping you to bear this burden! Go abroad, dearest; get away before this man comes back into your life again! I will come too, and be near you always; you shall not be lonely if I can help it, darling—never again!"

She let her head rest where he had placed it and began to cry softly.

"If only he had not come into our lives," she said brokenly, "if only we had never seen him, how happy we might have been, Hugh!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

HILDA was trying to write her first letter to her husband, and finding it an exceedingly difficult task. Hugh had advised her that morning to write at once, and tell Hayes that she had altered her mind, and was now anxious to spend

the month or two before Christmas away from Cruxwold.

From where she sat she could see her cousin and Miss Fisher under the beech-tree, and she stopped frequently in her uncongenial task to listen to what they were saying. They were good friends, those two, in a lazy tolerant way, as if they hardly thought each other worth troubling much about; but just now Hugh was really exerting himself to keep Miss Fisher from interrupting the letter-writing.

Hilda had made at least half a dozen attempts, only to destroy each effect before she reached the bottom of the first page—it was so difficult to be civil enough without being too civil! At last however she succeeded in stating her request in an intelligible form. Then she came to the next difficulty—the reasons for this change of opinion—and, while she was still debating whether she should say anything on this point or not, a message came from the head-gardener requesting her opinion on some detail of arrangement in the extension of the conservatory.

Throwing a sheet of blotting-paper over her letter, she went off at once to the other side of the house, glad of the diversion.

She was away some time, it being a nice point to decide whether the dividing glass screen between the conservatory proper and the new orchid-house should be arranged in one bold arch or three smaller ones. She was still examining sketches when Wilberforce, in evident excitement, came hurrying through the conservatory towards her.

"Lady Mildred Priestly has arrived, ma'am," he explained; "she is in the blue parlor."

"My mother!" ejaculated Hilda in astonishment, scarcely able to believe her ears, and shocked to find how unwelcome was the thought of Lady Mildred's presence. "I hope there is nothing wrong, Wilberforce. Why did you take her to the blue parlor?"

"Her ladyship asked to be taken at once to you, ma'am, and I thought you were there," answered the old man. "But, when she got there, she said she would wait, rather than walk through the house, again."

It was humbling, Hilda acknowleged to herself, that her first thought should be of her letter lying on the writing-table. Before her marriage she had never sent or received a letter that her mother did not see. Things were changed indeed in that respect; but the old memory was with her, and, as she entered the room, she glanced involuntarily at the writing-table before looking at her mother, who was standing by the open window with her back to the room. The blotting-paper was on the floor, blown there probably by the opening of the door, and the letter to Pierrepoint, uncovered, lay on the table.

Lady Mildred turned and came to meet her daughter, putting her hands on the girl's shoulders and, after kissing her on both cheeks, holding her there and looking steadily at her.

"My coming has startled you," she said; "or are you always so pale?"

"I was startled—yes," confessed Hilda; "it is rather sudden."

"I should have wired. No—there is nothing wrong or to worry about. I was at Broadstairs with your aunt, who has been ordered a couple of months' complete quiet; but of course you know all that from my letters. This morning our landlady came to us with the news that there was a case of threatened scarlatina in the family up-stairs. It was enough for me! You know how I always catch anything of that sort. I rushed away at once, leaving poor Ernestine solitary. She is, luckily, not at all susceptible to contagion. It never occurred to me until I was at the station that I should pass Cruxwold on my way up. I was traveling by a slow train, stopping at every station, and the idea came into my head all at once to call upon you on the way. I hope I have not put you to any inconvenience by my impulsive conduct?"

"My dear mother—inconvenience!" exclaimed Hilda, feeling as if she were in a dream. Of all the strange unrealities of the last few months, nothing had seemed so strange and unreal as to hear her mother excusing herself to her for a possible inconvenience.

"Of course you know I shall have to entertain you alone?" she said.

"I will endeavor to put up with that. By-and-bye, I was delighted to hear that there was no truth in that rumor about Pierrepoint's spending the whole winter abroad. Who is the lady with yellow hair talking to Hugh, Hilda? And why did you not mention that he was staying with you, my dear child?"

"But I don't think I have written to you since his arrival, mother."

"But surely you know of his coming some time before?"

"A few days—yes," answered Hilda; and, without further explanation, and with a gentle decisiveness which was rather a revelation to Lady Mildred, she passed on quietly to the other topic. Her mother saw at once that the old matter-of-course authority between herself and her daughter was a thing of the past, and, like the diplomatist that she was, she decided to alter her tactics at once. "The lady is Miss Fisher, of whom I wrote to you, mother. I think you will like her, for she can't be very charming. You must not be hard on her because she is not of the usual type of companions—a poor down-trodden spiritless creature. This is the first time in her life she has had to do this sort of thing, and I have tried not to let her feel it."

"In other words, you have spoiled her for ever taking another situation."

"Oh, Miss Fisher would be able to hold her own in any circumstances, I think! Will you go out to them now? No? You would rather come up and choose your room at once?"

"Yes, if you really mean to be burdened with me for a few days. Put me near your own room, Hilda."

"As near as I can. There are no visitors' rooms in our little corner, but you shall have the first one on the corridor. Mattie will be wild with delight to see you!"

"She is a faithful creature."

Lady Mildred was very silent as she followed her daughter through the great house. She had plenty of occupation for her thoughts just then, but that in no wise prevented her from using her eyes; and, as she took in the luxury and beauty and picturesqueness of everything around her, she told herself it would be a thousand pities indeed if so much that was most desirable should be lost through a moment's folly. But, if she meant to save it, she would have to proceed more cautiously than she had anticipated—that little touch of decisiveness on Hilda's part had opened her eyes to an unexpected danger. She had not anticipated this suddenly-developed strength of will, and, oddly enough, though it threatened trouble and anxiety, Lady Mildred in her heart admired the change.

Hugh's self-possession, when he walked into the dining-room at luncheon-time and found his aunt already seated at the table, was a credit to his training. With the exception of Pierrepoint Hayes, she was the last person he desired to see; yet, after the first irrepressible flash of dismay in his eyes, he was so thoroughly his own pleasant amiable self that not even the shrewd Miss Fisher suspected his consternation.

There were callers at Cruxwold that afternoon. Lady Tocatta and her daughters drove over from Potmanhurst to call on Mrs. Hayes; but Lady Mildred begged to be excused from a pilgrimage to the drawing-room.

"My early start this morning has tired me," she said. "Take Miss Fisher with you, my dear child, and leave Hugh and me to keep each other in countenance."

Hugh, reclining lazily in the hammock, listened with grim resignation. He knew how quietly persevering Lady Mildred could be, and, if she had made up her mind to "let him have it," the best plan was to get it over at once. That she agreed with him in respect of this part of the matter was evident by her brisk request to him the moment the two ladies were gone to wake up and listen to what she had to say.

"I am quite awake, aunt Mildred," he answered submissively, "and I can hear you quite well, thank you, where I am."

She knitted her brows in momentary irritation at his tranquillity, but decided to ignore it, and without waste of time plunged at once into her subject, speaking with a warmth which sometimes nearly developed into passion.

"Of course you know why I am here, Hugh—why I have consented to ignore the slight I consider Hilda has put upon me in engaging this salaried companion while her mother is living in rooms. I had to invent a story to account for my sudden arrival; but there is no need for such delicacy with you. I heard of your being here only last night. Tenderden ran down to see your mother; he had heard the news from a Captain Hennessy. Your mother agreed with me that there was only one thing to be done—I must come here at once, and get you out of the house, or, if you refused to listen to reason, then I was to stay here until Pierrepoint's return."

Hugh's face flushed, but Lady Mildred could not see it as he lay back in the hammock.

"It's confoundedly rough on a fellow," he muttered, "to be so misjudged!"

"Misjudged!" she echoed impatiently. "Who is misjudging you? And, after all, what does it matter if you are misjudged? Hilda is the person who will suffer for it, not you. Your mother is very upset about it, Hugh,—quite as much as I am. You have been thoughtless and careless all your life, but I never thought you would go so so far as this—to scheme deliberately against Hilda's——"

"I did not do it!" he cried suddenly, swinging himself into a sitting posture and facing her defiantly. "Her precious husband—the man you sold her to—is the person to blame! What does he mean by allowing the world to believe that he is going to leave his wife by herself for six months before the honeymoon is well over? I meant no harm in coming here. But I'm neither worse nor better than other men. When I saw her silent suffering day after day, how could I help feeling for her? When I saw that my society gave her pleasure, how could I run away and leave her to her horrible loneliness again? I can't be a stoic; it isn't in me. Perhaps I'm glad you've come, and perhaps I'm sorry—I'm not quite sure myself which it is—but I am sure of this—you can't be guilty of a greater cruelty to that poor little creature than to compel her to spend the rest of her life alone with the man you've married her to!"

"Good heavens, Hugh, do be reasonable! Who wants her to 'spend the rest of her life alone' with him? As soon as she has got her own circle round her—which she will do during her first season in town—there will be no more of this 'silent suffering' and the 'horrible loneliness' that you are so very fluent in describing. Even allowing that she is not very much in love with her husband, she will find a refuge in her society occupations, as other women do."

"No, she won't!" he declared. "Some girls would, but she won't. Fine clothes and frivolity won't satisfy Hilda, aunt Mildred; you may take my word for it! She has deeper feelings than most young women of the present day; she can't live without affection; it's an impossibility to her. She must love somebody."

"Then, if you would be so good as to keep out of her way and give her husband a chance——"

"She will never care for Hayes—never!"

"Pooh! Your conceit blinds you!"

"My conceit has nothing to do with the matter. If I had never existed, she would have had the same horror and dread of her husband as she has now."

Lady Mildred looked at him in keen inquiry. It was evident that there was something behind the words.

"What are you hinting at?" she asked. "Do you really know of any sufficient reason why she and her husband should never come to a good understanding, or are you only trying to excite my curiosity?"

"Put your questions to Hilda herself," he answered. "I did not mean to say so much—the secret is not mine. If I wished to tell you, I should not feel at liberty to do so."

"She has told you then?"

"Put your inquiries to Hilda, aunt Mildred. Rest happy about me—I'll take my departure by the first train to London to-morrow—but, if you think that in getting rid of me you have got rid of the main obstacle to Hilda's happiness, you will make one of the greatest mistakes you ever made in your life."

Miss Fisher's voice was heard inside the room as he finished, and he dropped lightly to the ground and strolled away towards the orchard gate, leaving Lady Mildred with a very thoughtful expression on her face.

This marriage was not turning out quite the success her ladyship had anticipated; but she was not beaten yet. There was plenty of pertinacity in Lady Mildred; the more difficulties she had to contend with the more eager she was for the fray. Her first object was to maintain an outward show of peace between Hilda and her husband. Hugh was going—that was one point gained—now she must take steps to keep that foolish letter of Hilda's from reaching Pierrepoint. As soon as this was accomplished, she would advance against the next difficulty—try to gain Hilda's confidence, and see if the obstacle hinted at by Hugh could not be removed by persuasion and argument.

When Hugh entered the drawing-room after dinner and found Hilda at the piano and the other two ladies chatting together near the fire, he crossed at once to his cousin's side and sat down with his back to the others, so that he could speak without their overhearing. He knew Lady Mildred would interrupt them the first moment she could do so without exciting remark. He had already announced his approaching departure at the dinner-table, and Hilda had confessed openly how sorry she was to lose his company. But during the rest of the meal she had been conscious of a curious constraint in those about her. Something of this feeling was upon her now as Hugh seated himself near her. In spite of all her efforts to forget it, she could not banish from her mind the fact that on the previous day she had rested her head for a few moments on Hugh's shoulder without any thought of resistance. At the time it had been such a comfort to her to have his sympathy that no notion of objecting had occurred to her. But now, since he had announced his abrupt departure so softly upon Lady Mildred's arrival, the belief was forcing itself upon her that her mother had come to Cruxwold expressly to put an end to Hugh's visit, and she began to look back and ask herself what wrong there was in it. Surely it was not wrong to accept comfort from one who was so delicate and thoughtful in his sympathy as Hugh had shown himself! And yet, although she told herself angrily that she was doing him an injustice, she could not shake off a foolish air of diffidence as he sat there by the piano talking in his pleasant low tones.

"You have sent the letter to Hayes, I suppose, Hilda?"

"It is in the bag now."

"I am afraid you might have spared yourself the trouble, dear; aunt Mildred will not approve of your going abroad before Christmas."

"But I shall not consult her about it, Hilda."

"She won't wait to be consulted, my child; only let her get wind of your intention, and she will find the means to prevent it."

"Then she shall not know of it."

Hugh made no reply. He had great faith in Lady Mildred's penetration and foresight, and he knew she was on her mettle over this affair.

"She has fallen upon us rather like a bombshell, hasn't she? I'm awfully cut up at having to run away like this, Hilda!"

"You can't be more sorry to go than I am to lose you."

"Poor little darling! I can't help myself, dear; after what auntie said, I could not stay."

Hilda paid a little more attention to her playing, and was glad he did not look at her. She felt her cheeks burning as she wondered what her mother had been saying.

"I suppose I ought to go away without a word to you about the future, Hilda—that would be the honorable thing to do—but I'm afraid the mere knowledge that I was acting according to strict propriety would not console me for the thought that I had caused you a little extra pain. Heavens knows you have enough to bear without my adding to it! You said the other day that you were going to Mackenzie for Christmas?"

"That was our original intention. Now I hardly know what we shall do."

"Well, then, if Lady Mildred should succeed in keeping you at home during the autumn, I will for once spend my Christmas under the paternal roof-tree. There will be a large house-party, the mother tells me; we can meet there daily without exciting the least remark, and you will have had time by then to make sure of yourself. It will be only three months, dear."

"I don't think I can spend it here—with him," she murmured, and then checked herself suddenly, seeing too late the interpretation he might put on her words.

"Well, we must hope you won't have to do it; you may be able to carry out the Continental trip, after all. There is another thing I wanted to say—about myself. My address in Jermyn Street will always find me. If any sudden unexpected trouble should turn up between now and Christmas, if you find yourself in any difficulty, if you want any little service done, you will remember that my time is always unreservedly at your disposal. I shall hear from you as to the result of your letter to Hayes, and, if it is successful, I place myself entirely in your hands. I will act as your escort, or join you later on, or do whatever you may suggest. I am not a brilliant, man or a very good one, but such as I am I am yours till death—your adoring slave, if you will accept my homage, your lifelong friend in any case."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNITED.

BY SAMUEL E.

Thine for ever! be our pathway
  Choked with thorns or deck'd with flowers;
When with boons and when with trials
  Heaven our life-link'd spirits dowers;
Thine for ever! be our journey
  Bleak or balmy, smooth or rough;
Aye content, whate'er befalleth—
  Love return'd is bliss enough.

Grateful prospect! He, "our Father,"
  Who with manna Israel fed,
If we, laboring, seek His blessing,
  Will ensure our "daily bread,"
Thorns to us shall all be blunted,
  Clouds their silver sides reveal;
Love and Faith—our guardian angels—
  Working out our life-long weal.

Compensation.

BY T. S.

THE case was hopeless for the sick girl. Health had departed, never to return again. Life opened in her blossomy spring time, with a fair, sweet promise. The sun was bright, the air soft and balmy, the earth smiling with flowers. But the morning soon became overcast. At first, the sun was hidden; then the rain began to fall "into her life," and then from the sky, once so lucid and serene, fell a storm that desolated the land.

At fifteen, Celeste Williams—to whom delighted glimpses of the world out into which her feet were gathering up strength to carry her, came through flower-hung vistas—drooped suddenly. The tint of roses left her cheeks; the beautiful roundness of form and features departed; the light of a glad spirit went out of her eyes.

To the smile that made rainbows over her face, pain's rigid aspects succeeded. Ah, yes, the case, as we have said, was hopeless for the sick girl. Health had departed, never to return again.

"There is one compensation in all this," was the remark of some who stood on the outside—of some who were not very deeply versed in life's true philosophies. "Her parents have wealth. They can surround her with all things to divert and interest her mind. How much worse it might be! Ah, happy for the young sufferer is it that her parents are not poor!"

So it would seem. There are very few persons who would not have assented to this view. And yet, nothing that wealth could bring the pale sufferer reached the seat of bodily or mental pain with anything but the most temporary relief.

After the first year of sharp assault, during which the citadel of health was taken, and its walls thrown down so that they might never be rebuilded again, the crippled life, which had lain in still prostration for a time, began to gather up its few remaining powers, to battle with a slowly renewing vitality, and to live again—but in what an imperfect condition compared with the former one!

It was thought a great improvement when Celeste could bear to be lifted from the bed and sit for half an hour propped up with cushions in a great easy chair. How hopeful were the faces that gathered around her!

After awhile, improvement went on so far that she could sit up for the greater part of each day. But there the better progress stopped. Weeks and months beyond this gave but little change for the better. Almost every day the doctor came, but his skill was unsuccessful. He could not dislodge the enemy which had gained too secure a possession.

And now came that re-adjustment of things external to the life of Celeste Williams, which was to try her most severely. Not able to keep up with her compeers, she must be left behind; and left, notwithstanding the wealth of her parents, in a dreary, soul-fretting, impatient, rebellious isolation.

Her sisters' lives soon grew out of sympathy with her life; and the distance between them so rapidly increased that they became little better than strangers to each other. Only the mother of Celeste kept near to her in patient love.

But she was not a wise woman. Her life was in the sensuous plane. She could not get below the surface of things so as to comprehend the mental states and mental needs of her child. All her ministrations, therefore, never reached beyond things palliative, and of course, temporary.

She sought to amuse, to divert, to interest in books, music, and the like. But these had power over the pale-faced sufferer only for a little while; nay, they often made the sense of deprivation more acute, and injured instead of helping.

And so, in time, poor Celeste became a weary burden to herself and every one. Nothing having been denied to her that money could procure, she had reached out, under the excitement of a restless dissatisfaction, grasping at this object and that, until almost everything within her reach had been tried, and thrown aside—her poor heart growing sadder and more dissatisfied at the failure of each new experiment.

Moody, fretful, ill-natured and self-tormenting, at eighteen Celeste Williams had alienated nearly all but the mother's heart; and on that heart she lay as a heavy burden.

One day Mrs. Williams was talking with a friend about her invalid daughter, and mourning over her unhappy state.

"If she were only patient," she said, "only made an effort to be cheerful sometimes. But I am weary with complaint. She suffers pain, I know, and pain is hard to bear. She is shut out from all pleasure, and the young heart lives on pleasure. Her sisters go and come at will; but she cannot move even from the bed, or her chair, without a hand to lean upon. Her imagination is constantly excited with descriptions of all those enjoyments upon which young life enters with such a zest, but the taste of them even is denied her. I pity the poor child in my heart, but cannot find any way to help her."

"What does she do through all her weary days?" asked the friend.

"Do?" said Mrs. Williams, and there was surprise in the questioning voice. "Do? why nothing!"

"Don't she read?" ask her friend.

"Not much," replied Mrs. Williams. "A novel amuses her now and then, or, I might say, excites her with its representation of active life scenes into which she can never enter, and leaves her in a more uncomfortable state of mind than when she opened its pages."

"Then, for the most of her time she sits idly in her chair, or lies, wasteful of all time, upon her bed?" said the friend.

"She sits or lies through all the days and nights of her life. She can neither stand nor walk, so there is no alternative. But idleness or time wasting can hardly be affirmed of one in her condition," said Mrs. Williams, both tone and manner repelling the intimation that appeared in the lady's question.

It came then into the lady's mind that she understood Celeste's case better than her mother, and that she might help the miserable girl to acquire some better and happier state. So she said, "I must go up and see your daughter. A new face and a new voice may interest her for a little while, and that will be so much gained."

"It is very kind of you," said Mrs. Williams gratefully; for not often did her visitors express any desire to see the sick girl, who was hidden away in one of the upper rooms. "She doesn't see many new faces," she added.

They went up stairs. The visitor, whose name was Mrs. Baldwin, was struck, on entering the room where Celeste sat with her hands lying idly in her lap, by the weary sadness which overlaid all other expressions in her almost colorless face.

It affected her with a most tender pity. In the large, dark, beautiful eyes that fixed themselves in a kind of mute appeal upon her face, she read something more than selfish fretfulness—something that made her heart yearn towards the helpless, almost hopeless sufferer, who found no compensation in all the elegance, and ease, and external means of comfort by which she was surrounded.

To ask about her bodily condition and sensations was the natural introduction of conversation; but Mrs. Baldwin dwelt upon them as lightly as possible, at the same time that she appeared to feel much sympathy with the invalid.

While talking with her in a cheerful way, as soon as she could pass to some cheerful subject, Mrs. Baldwin drew from her pocket a small piece of worsted knitting, which had been commenced in a leisure moment, and without remarking upon it, began, while yet talking, to loop, dexterously, the pink worsted over the needle points. She saw the eyes of Celeste follow her hand, and she saw, in a little while, a kindling look of interest. Then, in a familiar way, she leaned towards her, and beheld the knitting so that she could examine it.

"How sweetly it is done," said the girl, in a tone of interest, as she examined the evenly drawn threads, and noted the graceful form that the work was taking. "For what is it designed?"

"For a light scarf," replied Mrs. Baldwin. "I saw one the other day that pleased me, and mean to have one just like it."

Celeste looked up into her face with something of wonder. There was a new spirit in this. If her mother or one of her sisters had seen an article of dress that pleased them, money might have procured it, but skilful hands, never.

The busy fingers of Mrs. Baldwin went on again, and Celeste watched them, while a new interest brightened her wan face.

"How fast you do it!" she said.

Mrs. Baldwin knitted more slowly, that Celeste might see the particular manner of looping the threads.

"Is it hard to learn?" asked Celeste.

"Oh, no!" replied Mrs. Baldwin, "I think it very easy. See here!" and she leaned towards the sick girl, speaking very kindly. "You loop this thread of worsted over the needle, just so, then slip the other needle through the loop, and draw the thread so. Now, I will do it again. You see how regularly the work is laid down, loop by loop, in that simple manner, and what a light graceful thing is produced."

"Why, it isn't difficult!" exclaimed Celeste, her face actually brightening.

"It's the easiest thing in the world," replied Mrs. Baldwin. "Take the work into your own hand and try to make the stitches."

"Oh, no!" interposed the uncomprehending mother. "Don't let her spoil your work out of sheer good nature."

Celeste, who was sensitive, drew back, and the light went out of her face.

"No danger of spoiling it," said Mrs. Baldwin. Come, dear, I want to see you try it. I like to see people interested in what I am doing. There, take the needles, so," and she put the work into Celeste's hand. "Now loop the thread over the right hand needle—yes, that's the motion—and now take off the loop with the other needle, and draw it up closely to the body of the work. Right!—I couldn't have done it better myself. Now make another loop—yes—now take it off—so. Right again! Didn't I tell you it was easy?"

There was an actual glow in the sick girl's pale face, as her mind, following eagerly her fingers, quickened her pulses, and sent the feeble blood in fuller currents to the surface.

"You will tire yourself," said Mrs. Williams, not yet understanding the meaning and use of what was before her eyes.

"Keep on, my dear!" said Mrs. Baldwin. "That stitch is as well laid down as I could do it myself. And so is that—and that. Why, how true your hand is! You must have done this kind of work before."

But Celeste said no—and said it with a pleased smile. The compliment to her skill was gratifying.

"I think this kind of work would interest you," said Mrs. Baldwin.

"I'm sure it would," said Celeste. "Won't you get me some needles and worsted, mother?"

"Nonsense, child!" replied Mrs. Williams. "That's only fancy. You'd tire of it in half an hour."

"Don't believe anything of the sort," said Mrs. Baldwin. "It is a fascinating kind of work. Are you really in earnest, dear?" she asked, looking with kind encouragement at Celeste.

"I'm sure I should like it," replied Celeste.

Mrs. Baldwin sat for a moment or two, as if thinking about something.

"Suppose I leave this piece that I've just commenced," she then said. "It's very simple, and you have already learned the stitch."

"You are so kind," said Celeste, looking with an expression that was almost grateful, into the lady's face; and then turning her eyes down upon the worsted in her hands, plied the long needles with the earnestness of a child who had found some new employment.

"Shall I come in to-morrow and see how you are getting along?" asked Mrs. Baldwin, as she arose to leave.

"Do; I shall be so pleased!" replied Celeste.

In what a cheerful tone the invalid spoke; a tone so new to the mother's ears that she turned her eyes, wonderingly, on her face.

For more than an hour after Mrs. Baldwin left her, Celeste knitted on, feeling so much interest in what she was doing, that she forgot all pain, discomfort, or weariness. Then, tired by the exertion, she let her hands fall in her lap, and, closing her eyes, leaned her head on the cushions of her chair, feeling a deep interior peace and satisfaction of mind, that she had not known for months—perhaps years. After resting for a while she resumed her knitting again; and so, with intervals of rest, kept on through most of the day. As she saw the scarf growing under her hands, she experienced a pleasure that was altogether new.

"How is your daughter?" asked Mrs. Baldwin on the next day.

"I can hardly answer that question," replied Mrs. Williams. "She is better, I should think, if change of temper is any sign. But I'm afraid she'll wear herself down with that worsted knitting."

"Ah! then she hasn't tired of that?" said Mrs. Baldwin.

"Oh, dear, no!" replied Mrs. Williams. "She's completely carried away with it. I never saw the like."

Poor, hungry, starving invalid. Her mind had been consuming itself for lack of that nutrition which is only to be found in some kind of useful employment; and now that food was given, she sat long at the repast, though the fare was humble. There was real enjoyment to her in seeing the delicate fabric growing under her dexterous fingers; and already she was anticipating the pleasure that would crown her work, when she could throw the finished scarf over her mother's shoulders.

A smile played around the lips of Celeste and light beamed from her eyes, when she saw Mrs. Baldwin.

"Haven't I been industrious?" she exclaimed, as she held up the long piece of work which she had accomplished.

"Is it possible? Why, this is marvellous!" said Mrs. Baldwin. "And how well it is done! Really, better than my part. You must have enjoyed your work, dear?"

"Yes, enjoyment is the right word," returned Celeste. "Yes, I really enjoyed it; and I must thank you for having furnished me with a new pleasure."

"You have the matter all in your own hands, now," said Mrs. Baldwin, after she had retired, with Mrs. Williams, from the sick girl's room. "It was something to do through the day's weary hours that Celeste wanted. Something for her thought to rest on with interest."

"But she'll soon grow tired of this," returned the mother. "It's only the novelty of the thing that interests her now."

"Not the novelty alone, be assured, my friend," said Mrs. Baldwin. "The pleasure she finds in this work has a deeper source. In obedience to will and thought her fingers are creating a form of beauty. She sees it growing into the perfect whole her fancy has already pictured, and the desire for completeness is so earnest that she loses the old sense of misery that so long burdened her young life. Don't, let me beg of you, discourage her in the least. Praise her work, and when it is finished, encourage her to do something more. I will call to see her every few days, and show her new patterns and new stitches. There is no end to the variety of articles which may be produced by netting and crochet needles."

"I wish I could feel as hopeful as you do," said the mother, who was too much of a worldling and excitement lover to comprehend the value of useful work to one imprisoned like her child. "But she can't knit and crochet all the time."

"If half or one-third of her time is thus employed, just see what she gains," replied Mrs. Baldwin. "Pain and life-weariness is forgotten for the time, and a new zest for books, or some light amusement within her reach, during other portions of the day. My dear friend! it is useful employment that the mind hungers for, and without such employment there can be no mental repose; no true sense of pleasure; no interior satisfaction. People in health and with means at command, try to substitute recreations, excitements, changes of scene and all that, for work; and succeed in getting along after a fashion—but life proves even to them a weariness and disappointment. They are not happy; nay, not even cheerful. If this be so with men and women in health, who can 'enjoy life,' as idle pleasure-seeking is usually called, how wretched must the idle, aimless, useless invalid be, whose world is limited by the walls of the sick chamber! If, then, my friend, you love your child, seek to interest her in doing something useful with her hands. Help her to turn her self-tormenting thought outwards upon real things in which interest may be taken. In this way you may lead her out of her old self, and make her, instead of the wretched girl she has been in times past, the happiest member of your household."

The sceptical mother could hardly restrain a smile at her friend's enthusiasm. But time made the prediction true. Mrs. Baldwin was too wise and good woman at heart to let the work of blessing a human

soul rest in so fair a beginning. Every few days she called to see Celeste, and always showed such an interest in what she was doing, that her visits were seasons of real enjoyment.

By the time Celeste finished one article, she had her mind reaching out with a desire to take up some fascinating novelty in the same direction, and so the days and weeks and months went by, and the invalid, instead of wearying, grew more and more absorbed in the work of creating forms of use and beauty.

And now, she could read with a new and healthier interest, and listen to descriptions of what was passing in the gay world, without envy.

The sisters, who had shunned the fretful, ill-natured girl, now began to feel drawn towards her, and to find in her sweeter spirit an attraction that drew out their tender love. How often now did she look upon them in tear-glistening pleasure, as she saw the airy zephyr work she had made, floating like rainbow tissues around them, and feel glad in their grace and beauty.

And so, day after day, the invalid's chamber grew brighter in the sunshine of a cheerful, loving spirit. It had not been in the power of wealth, nor of all the advantages that wealth could bring, to send a ray of light through the darkness that veiled the sick girl's heart. Her needs were on a level with the needs of all God's children, rich or poor; and help could only come to her through the same door that it comes to all—the door of useful occupation. This is the great panacea for the mind diseased.

Baseness Requited.

BY S. W. W.

LILIAN BURLEIGH was fifteen years old when she and her widowed mother left their home, which had been sold up under the sheriff to pay a debt incurred during the long and fatal illness of Mr. Burleigh. In hope of employment the mother and daughter removed to the metropolis. Here they encountered the usual fate of the stranger-poor, alone and helpless in the seething, selfish crowd; fought the grim fight with the fiend of poverty; till, in the weary struggle, Mrs. Burleigh sank at last, the victim of hopeless illness, a new burden upon Lilian's young shoulders.

Chance at last led the poor girl to the house of Mrs. Vernon. The lady, attracted first by the sorrowful beauty of the girl's face, and her quiet demeanor, became interested in her story, accompanied her home to verify it, and became from that day the best and kindest of friends to the widow and her child.

Employment enough was obtained among her friends to remove all sense of dependence from Lilian's mind. Her charity was bestowed in a manner not to wound the sensitiveness that could not endure beggary. Her own physician lent his skill to soothe Mrs. Burleigh's departing days; and when death had released Lilian from her charge, this kind friend took the orphan to her home.

Lilian had lived with her friend two years when Bernard Osborne, Mrs. Vernon's brother, came home from India. To see the sweet, graceful girl who instructed his sister's children, and was his sister's friend, in simple mourning, was to feel a strange, unwonted interest in her. He was often at his sister's house, often saw Lilian, and at length gave evident signs of his admiration.

That she avoided him only incited him to a more determined pursuit. He was the first man of the world, handsome, fluent, accomplished, that Lilian Burleigh had ever seen. How he impressed her young heart! How plainly he wrote his image upon its virgin pages! Ere she half knew her danger he had become the light of her eyes, almost the life of her soul.

But she did not yield readily. She resisted all his protestations, all his offers; after putting him to every test she could devise, until finding his purpose still unaltered, and his love even more ardent in expression, she at last yielded to the wishes, the demands of her own heart, no less than to his entreaties, and promised to become his wife. Once betrothed to him she revelled in the sweet dream of love, and cast all fears aside—the future no more dreaded, the past forgotten.

Three months later came a strange, unexpected summons to the death-bed of Walter Burleigh, her uncle. This man had neglected and despised his brother, had refused all aid to the widow and orphan, and when Mrs. Vernon, who had learned something of him on inquiring of Lilian about her friends, wrote to him during Mrs. Philip Burleigh's last days, his only response had been a pitiful sum of money, extorted rather by the influence of Mrs. Vernon's name, than by any kindly feeling. But when he was dying, he bethought him of his niece, the sole person in whose veins his own blood was running, and summoned her to his side. He died, and Lilian found herself heiress of all his wealth.

Something, perhaps the strange feeling of pain that it brought her, perhaps the desire to be received once more as she had ever been, kept Lilian silent in regard to her new wealth. She wrote to Mrs. Vernon that her uncle had remembered her in his will, but in a manner that conveyed no idea of the truth.

To Osborne she did not write at all; for, strangely enough, his letters had ceased about the period of her uncle's death, and after writing once or two without receiving a reply, she was forced to wait until time should solve the mystery. It but rendered her more impatient, as she chafed under the long delay.

At length she was at home; for so she had long learned to call Mrs. Vernon's house. At length she was slowly descending the stairs to meet her lover—slowly, because with the impatient joy that would have sent her flying down the staircase was struggling that terrible but dim fear. Why had he not written? Why had he delayed seeing her until the second day of her return was well-nigh past? She had spent the two days alone; for the Vernons had been called into the country by some gathering of their family.

He stood in the centre of the room, hat in hand. He had evidently no intention of remaining. As she approached him he bowed, but did not look at her offered hand. "Bernard!" she said. He bowed again. "Will you tell me what this means?"

"It means that I am here in answer to your notes of yesterday and of this morning," he replied. "One would have sufficed to inform me of your return; but I remembered that you had seen little of the world, knew little of its usages. Can I do anything for you?"

"Tell me what this means?" said Lilian. "Why does my betrothed husband receive me in this manner?"

"Since you must know, I will tell you. I am betrothed to you no longer. My silence has told you that. You will remember that you were reluctant to become engaged to me; you arrayed before me all the worldly reasons against our marriage. Those worldly reasons having received due consideration in your absence, I have determined to annul the engagement. You were unwilling to love me. You will do as you did before, live with Mrs. Vernon, probably, though it may embarrass us both to meet, and though the little legacy, which I understand your uncle has left you, may enable you to dispense with your employments here."

"Oh, Bernard!——" interrupted Lilian.

"Hear me out, if you please. I cannot be hindered and dragged down in the career I have resolved upon, by a wife. I must forego that happiness, in order to succeed, unless, indeed, my wife could bring me wealth."

"But, Bernard!——" she again interrupted.

"These interruptions are in the worst possible taste, Miss Burleigh," said he. "But I have little more to say. I would but bid you farewell, with wishes for your happiness. You have so much wisdom and self-control that I am sure you will soon conquer this emotion, and learn to agree perfectly with the view I have taken of the matter in question."

He met her gaze through the tears that streamed from her beautiful eyes, with a glance as hard and cold as his words. He bowed again, and was gone.

Lilian was ill when the Vernons returned. She had borne a great deal, and the last shock prostrated her. She was not dangerously ill, nor did she lose her reason. She had much time for thought, and she, now that his conduct had removed the illusion, saw her lover as he really was. It was not easy, not possible to forget him all at once, nor even to cease feeling tenderly towards him. But he had deserved her contempt, and she could not long love where she despised.

Before she was quite well, he learned from the Vernons the story of her wealth. After that he made an attempt to see her. Relying upon her simplicity and singleness of heart, he represented that he felt that he had been too harsh—that he had reconsidered the matter; and was willing, especially as she felt the dissolution of the engagement so severely, that it should be renewed. Lilian's only answer was, "It is too late." She would not trust herself to speak the contempt she felt.

She did not pine, nor did she live single. Her heart was not broken; but when it was sought some years later by one every way worthy to possess it, it was found to be in an excellent condition. Lilian Burleigh has long been a happy wife and mother.

Bernard Osborne's career has never been accomplished, never even commenced. He ascribes his failure to Lilian's fickleness, and asserts that as soon as she discovered that she was an heiress, she cast him off, leaving him to struggle against his wounded feelings, and his confidence betrayed. This struggle is the employment of his life, so far as his friends can discover.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?—It is an easy question to ask, but a difficult one to answer. What is honor? What is value? What is poetry? Though most people can feel, few can define any of these things; and the short answer to the first question is simply this:—"a gentleman is a gentleman."

Let me try to define him by a few negatives as well as positives. Firstly of his costume. He must not be dirty, negligent or slovenly in his person. He must neither be meanly nor magnificently dressed.

He must not wear gaudy and incongruous colors, or affront the eyes of onlookers with jewelry and finery. He must not affect eccentricity or singularity; or dress himself in such a manner as to cause the vulgar to stare, or the judicious to grieve as he passes by.

He must dress as Polonius (not at all a fool, though every actor who plays the part endeavors to make him so) advised his son Laertes to dress—in golden words of true wisdom.

But dress, though it be the first and most obvious, is the least characteristic of the gentleman. In his manners he must not think himself the principal person in the world, the kingdom, or the company; but without parade of humility (which is in itself an offence), he must think himself the last—or at all events, he must act as if he thought so.

He must not fail in deferential politeness, either to man or woman. He must not take the first place, as if it were his inalienable right. He must not at table, or elsewhere, commit acts which, though they may be harmless in themselves, are contrary to the prevalent notions of his time and country.

A hundred years ago a gentleman might get drunk after dinner without losing his social position; but to any one aspiring in our day to that high and illustrious rank, the slightest tendency to drunkenness at table, or anywhere else, is fatal to his pretension. As soon as the flaw is known, he becomes a low snob thenceforth and forever.

To be loud in talk is almost as great a derogation from the ideal of the character as to be "loud" in costume—(I know that the word is a slang word, but it expresses a meaning not to be reached even by a periphrasis, and may, for that reason, be looked upon leniently).

To hear one man's voice overriding every other's, and one man's opinion thundered into the ears of people too timid—too indolent—or too courteous—to do battle with a Stentor—is fatal to Stentor's claims to be considered a gentleman.

And quite as essential as manners to the perfection of the character is conversation. A man in the dress and with the manners of a gentleman must not talk vulgarly, indecently, obscenely, irreverently, or even ignorantly, (if the ignorance be very gross) without forfeiture of the rank to which his dress and his manners would seem to entitle him.

But granting all these three essentials—the would-be gentleman is not a gentleman if his heart be wrong. Dress is an ornament—manners are a grace—conversation is a charm; but these three may be possessed in all possible perfection by a blackguard. But these three combined with a noble heart and a sound judgment—the one balancing the other—combine to form the true gentleman.

"COME in this way," a young woman was overheard to say recently, taking her companion past the main entrance of one of the large dry goods shops to the door opening from a cross street. "What's this for?" she was asked. "Oh! this is the carriage entrance. I always go in such when I can. There is a brief but pleasurable distinction, and—life is made up of trifles, you know."

Scientific and Useful.

PAPER KNIFE.—A paper knife that is especially adapted to cutting the wrappers on rolled papers is a late invention.

REGULATING VALVE.—A journal provided with a valve for regulating the passage of a powdered lubricant to the bearings is a late invention.

LIQUID FUEL.—Another engine fitted with liquid fuel has been running on the Great Eastern Railway, England—one of a class of ten similar express engines—and, as compared with the other nine engines doing the same round of duty, is reported as doing efficient service.

RETOUCHING PENCIL.—A device designed for the service of photographers is an electric retouching pencil. A miniature motor is mounted on the end of the pencil and gives to the pencil point—which is attached to the armature shaft and not to the holder tube—a very rapid motion. The pencil is suspended by a spring in the photographer's cabinet, within easy reach of the negative. The spring relieving the operator from the weight of the apparatus, it is only necessary for him to apply it to the proper point on the negative, and the little instrument will do its own work. Such an arrangement is also expected to become applicable to dentists' tools.

WARM WATER.—A laboratory appliance for supplying warm water in a continuous stream at any desired temperature is announced. It consists of a Bunsen burner, fitted with a thin metal double worm, one of the spirals of which is in the flame and the other just outside it. The quantity of liquid flowing through the worm can be regulated by means of a stop-cock; and the temperature attained by the outflowing water becomes constant after the gas has been lit for one minute. If the flow be 4·4 gallons per hour, the temperature is 176° Fahr. If it be 6.6 gallons, the temperature is 131° Fahr. The apparatus is reported to be economical in water and in gas, since very little more water is heated than is actually required.

Farm and Garden.

HORSE SHOES.—Horses are commonly made to carry too heavy shoes. Steel shoes can be made lighter, will wear longer, and the first cost is not so much more that it need prevent their being used.

DAIRY FARMS.—It is a problem how so many dairy farms make a profit although the dairymen buy their cows without regard to breeding. It is proof that dairying is a paying business, even under such drawbacks, and shows what would be accomplished the use of cows specially adapted to the production of milk and butter. One of the most difficult undertakings is that of convincing farmers that it pays better to raise their dairy stock than to buy their so-called "fresh" cows from whoever has them for sale.

WILL HOGS EAT HAY? Try the following method and you will adopt it. Cut good clover hay into lengths, and steam or scald it, allowing it to remain overnight. In the morning add enough boiling water to warm the cut clover, and also sprinkle the mess with bran and oatmeal. The result will be the best and cheapest food you can use, and the pigs will eat it greedily. It will assist in promoting health, aiding digestion by distending the stomach and affords an agreeable change from the concentrated grain diet.

IN NORWAY.—Horses in Norway have a very sensible way of taking their food, which might be beneficially followed here. They have a bucket of water put down beside their allowance of hay. It is interesting to see with what relish they take a sip of the one and a mouthful of the other alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouths as a rational being would while eating his dinner of such dry food. A broken-winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway, and the question is if the mode of feeding has not something to do with the preservation of the animal's respiratory organs.

AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, BILIOUS DISORDERS, Sick Headache, &c., are thoroughly cured by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. Acting as a general laxative, they remove all irritating and fecal matter from the bowels, gradually change the vitiated secretions of the stomach and liver, and restore these organs to a healthy condition.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

Of Friendship.

Since Cicero wrote his celebrated treatise concerning Friendship, there has been more nonsense uttered and written about Friendship than of anything else, except the passion of love. The reason why so many people have written so much nonsense about love and friendship is this: very few are capable of entertaining either. True friendship and true love are both so rare, that people are forced to draw from the ideal rather than the real.

Both in friendship and love there must be truth; but truth is rare, very rare; hence also these two qualities are rare also. It is from authors, from fable, and from fiction, that we draw our chief instances of both; and it must be granted that the writers have said very pretty things about them.

"Friendship," writes the witty and elegant La Fontaine, "is the shadow of the evening which strengthens with the setting sun of life." Perhaps it is not very complimentary to compare it to a shadow, but then we see the simile has run away with the author. But Addison hits off a friend most clearly. "Friendship," says he, "is a strong habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of each other."

How many people are capable of continually entertaining this inclination it is hard to say, as self-interest so greatly biases all of us. Friendship, too, continually demands sacrifices. If you have a friend, you should often visit him; the road grows up if you do not often travel it; the minds change, the habits differ, the opinions both once entertained have become varied, the sweet solace of life has gone.

There is nothing much more melancholy in this world than having to visit an old friend, one whose purse, mind, ay, very soul, was your own ten years ago, and then marking what a different creature he is.

Absence may have made the heart grow fonder, but it is all changed by the presence. The house has grown too small or too large for the inhabitant. Faults which you had ceased to remember or overlooked, weaknesses which you had pardoned, illiberalities which you shared, follies which you had forgotten, stare you in the face, and friendship has fled. That is indeed a strong friendship which will last through removal, trouble, and for years.

Most men's friendships are the reflection of their own selfishness; those of women are of selfishness and weakness mixed; that is, vanity. We are friendly with those whose pursuits are the same, whose ideas are of an equal compass, whose state of feeling upon politics, religion, or morality, is much as ours.

It is doubtful whether two men of totally different faith, or of diverse fortunes, can be friendly. It is well enough to talk of our humble friends, but they, too often, are like poor relations. We accept their services, and think that a mere thank you, a nod, a beck, or a smile, is sufficient recompense.

In true friendship there must be a certain equality. It is a new kind of brotherhood, a closer tie, an affinity of mind, which different degrees of worldly riches almost always shatter.

The worldly acceptation of a friend is by far too narrow. It is all wrong. It is the friendship where no kindness is. Like most common-sense views of a matter, it is but common sense—very common, indeed; good for law, for business, for the every-day matters of life, but of no service to the mind or the soul.

The man who accepts a bill, gives you dinners, pushes you forward in life, answers for you in a court of law, and aids you in many ways, may yet not be your friend. Interest governs us so much that these kind offices are hardly to be put down to anything but interest.

The poor and the unknown have few, if any friends, but these officious grubs haunt the chambers of the great, and run after the notorious, and are happy to have their names also before the world.

The friendship of the city man who uses you and is of use to you is of little account. A rich man can always have plenty of these men; a poor man comes off without one.

But in our ideal friendship, that of soul answering to soul, that which arises from esteem, love, knowledge, and which is or should be founded upon a rock, we expect too much, and hence the numerous disappointments of life, and the impossibility of making a friend when young.

We want a knowledge of humanity. We must not expect an angel, or a perfect man. We must give and take, listen to our friends' prosiness, find him oftentimes wrong or foolish, and yet stick by him. One blemish must not force us to discard him; one quarrel must not break the tie. It is well for the young to choose friends older than themselves; for the foolish to consort with the wise.

We all should be careful to pick out those who are superior in something at least; it is but a short friendship which we can have with those who are in every thing our inferiors. Contempt destroys the feeling; we cannot be friendly with one whom we despise.

After all, in the new Revelation of Christianity, there can be no friendship so true, so pure, so complete, as that which exists in married life. In that perfect communion which exists between husband and wife, the strongest and most sincere friendship exists also.

Let me not, writes Shakespeare, to the marriage of true souls admit impediment. No impediment, in fact, is strong enough to withstand it.

The spectacle of two married people, of old John Anderson and his gude wife, who have weathered the storms of the world and of life together, who have climbed life's hill hand in hand, and who go down to the grave to sleep together at the foot, is always affecting, always beautiful, and often seen.

There is no alloy there. Awake to each other's faults and weaknesses, patient of shortcomings, yet alive to the truth and love and goodness in each, ready to sacrifice all, even life itself, each for each, trusting that love shall endure even after death, two beings thus united enlarge our own hearts when we witness their devotion, and force us to believe in that modern Phœnix, that wonder of wonders, a true friend.

To do well is to be well. Persevere in the thought, "I shall be better to-morrow," and it will help you to become so. It has been said no man ever died without his own consent. Never get your own consent to dying. Resolve to live. Resolve to be well. You yourself must make the effort; you must work out your own salvation. Throughout the universe the law is inexorable that good results come only from intelligent and continuous effort.

THOSE only read the world's future truly who have faith in principle, as opposed to faith in human dexterity; who feel that in human things there is really and truly a spiritual nature, a spiritual connection, a spiritual tendency, which the wisdom of the serpent cannot alter and scarcely can affect.

THE highest knowledge can be nothing more than the shortest and clearest road to truth; all the rest is pretension, not performance—mere verbiage and grandiloquence, from which we can learn nothing, but it is the external sign of an internal deficiency.

FALSE happiness is like false money; it passes for a time, as well as the true, but when it is brought to the touch we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.

LIFE is constantly weighing us in very sensitive scales, and telling every one of us precisely what his real weight is to the last grain of dust.

NOT to resolve is to resolve; and many times it breeds as many necessities, and engageth as far in some other sort, as to resolve.

WE neither know nor judge ourselves; others may judge but cannot know us. God alone judges and knows us.

A MAN is never so on trial as in the moment of excessive good fortune.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

A. S. S.—Aquafortis is the same as nitric acid.

DOUBTFUL.—The seven prismatic colors are red, yellow, blue, green, orange, indigo, and violet.

MAID MARION.—"O for the touch of a vanished hand" is from Tennyson's poem "Break, break, break."

UNHAPPY.—The insanity of a husband, no matter for how long, does not legalize a second marriage during his lifetime.

LASS.—The Crimean war was undertaken in defence of the independence of the Turkish Empire, which had been threatened by Russia.

DADDY.—Michael Barrett, the Fenian, hanged at Old Bailey, London, on 26th May, 1868, was the last prisoner executed in public in England.

CURIOSITY.—Bricks are enamelled by being dipped into a slip composed of finely ground enamel suspended in water. They are then dried and fired a second time.

BANKER.—Both the gentleman who knows the lady and the one with whom she is not acquainted should raise their hats on meeting her. There is no exception to the rule.

BLANCHE.—The prefix you have chosen is the key to your character; you are unobservant, and lack application. Make use of your eyes and your ears, and you will find plenty of subjects to talk about; then read carefully what you do read, so that the subject may become impressed upon your memory, and those two faults of character will speedily disappear.

OLD KROOK.—There is no authenticated case of spontaneous combustion in the human body; many have been reported, but on inquiry have been found to be cases in which the body was deliberately burned after death; a high medical authority says it may with certainty be predicted that so long as the circulation continues bodies will not take fire, even if they held a hand in the fire until it was charred.

EXCLUDO.—The reason why original scientific works are published at a high price is that they appeal to a limited circle of readers, and must be expensive to pay. Remember that the profit on a high-priced book is proportionately much larger than on a low-priced one, since the cost of production is pretty much the same in each case. Expensive scientific works pass into the hands of men who keep them for show or reference, and so, if the whole edition is bought up, there is little chance of copies reaching the second-hand market.

JOY.—1. The distance by water from New York to Hamburg is 3,775 miles. The ocean steamships of the present day make on an average from 18 to 20 miles per hour, or from 400 to 500 miles in a day. 2. A knot is a nautical expression used in speaking of a ship's way through water, and as such representing miles. One knot is equal to 6,080.26 feet, while a statute mile equals 5,280 feet. The proportion of a geographical to a statute mile being nearly that of 7 to 6, a vessel making 12 knots an hour, is in reality traveling at the rate of 14 statute miles.

EDITH.—When Tennyson in his "Locksley Hall" says: Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay, his meaning is that fifty years of our civilization are better than a cycle of life in barbarian Cathay, notwithstanding Cathay's sensual delights. Europe trains and elevates the mind eventually overrunes Cathay, thus showing her superiority, Cathay's attractions being enervating. Cathay is also an old name for China, and Tennyson may have meant that, as that empire is stagnant as regards intellectual life, an intellectual man prefers fifty years of Europe to a cycle of Cathay.

SPAIN.—The prevalent color of hair in Spain is black, and a very coarse black head of hair is that of Spanish beauties generally. This may be seen in the pictures of Murillo. Red hair is certainly not common with the Spaniards, nor have we heard that the hidalgos of the sangre azur, the blue blood, the old stock, ever consider it a proof of birth. The fact is that Moorish conquerors and inhabitants have done their work well in Spain, and that many, if not most of the inhabitants of that peninsula, are much more like the inhabitants of the northern coast of Africa than any other Europeans. The gipsies in Spain by no means an unimportant branch of the population, are perfectly Moorish, or rather Eastern, in hair, complexion, and shape of countenance.

J. J. B.—Heralds do not recognize rank in crests. Why should one mark of distinction be before another? You ask, "Which is the most noble, a Lion, Griffin, Fish or Bird?" All are about equal in antiquity; all may be granted and worn for particular achievements. The lion was held to be the king of beasts, but naturalists have lately asserted that the noble animal is a sham and a coward; not so brave, in fact, as the tiger. A bird might signify that the bearer had been beyond the sea, to Jerusalem; a griffin, that he was impervious to harm, full of fire and valor; a fish, that he had fought and conquered the sea; and so forth; but then these illustrations are very fanciful; and though Gwillim, Nisbet and Dugdale are very eloquent on heraldry, we do not know of any rule why one crest should be preferred to another. What say you to a cross, indicative of faith; an anchor, of hope; a heart, of charity? These are noble qualities, and therefore noble crests.

CAN THERE BE HARM?

BY F. S. C.

The waters kiss the pebbly shore,
  The winds all kiss the hills;
The sunbeams kiss the tulip bud
  For the odor it distils.

The moonbeams kiss the cloud at night,
  The star-gems kiss the sea;
While shadows, dreamy, soft and light,
  Are kissing on the lea.

The winds, the waves, the budding flowers,
  The laughing, merry rills,
Are kissing all from morn to eve,
  And clouds still kiss the hills.

Even heaven and earth do meet to kiss
  Through tears of sparkling dew;
In kissing, then, can there be harm?
  I don't think so—do you?

A Shapeless Cloud.

BY E. A. S.

A WILD December night at Shotover camp, rain falling in torrents, beating pitilessly on the half-frozen sentries, as they vainly sought to shelter themselves in their boxes.

Inside the mess of her Majesty's 200th regiment all was light and warmth; thick curtains closely drawn deadened the sound of the storm as it lashed the window-panes, a blazing fire diffused a grateful heat into the room.

Everything indoors was in market contrast to the cold and general discomfort that reigned outside. Some idea of this kind crossed the mind of the solitary occupant of this room as, pulling back the curtains, he saw the sloppy pavements and rivers of water that rushed along the gutters.

"What a miserable night," he exclaimed. "I'm precious glad I did not go to the kick-up; those fellows will be half-drowned before they get back."

And drawing the curtains closer he returned to the fireplace, where he ensconced himself in a deep armchair and began to smoke. The function he had alluded to in the above elegant terms, was a large dance given at one of the neighboring country houses.

Regimental business had detained Captain Ellis, and by the time he reached the mess, most of the officers had already dined and started.

Not being a very keen dancer, he was not at all put out, so having enjoyed a solitary dinner he retired to the ante-room, where the opening of our story has found him. For some time he was alone, but at length the sound of an opening door aroused him from his reverie.

"Hullo, doctor, is that you? Come and have a smoke and tell me the news."

The doctor drew another chair up to the fire and stretched his hands out towards the blaze.

"No news that I know of," he answered. "I have been writing business letters all the afternoon and haven't left my quarters."

He looked so thoughtful and pre-occupied that Ellis said:

"I hope your business was not of a painful description."

"Well, it was rather," answered Dr. Cameron slowly. "Did you ever happen to meet Fendall, of the ——th?"

"No," replied Captain Ellis, "I have never met him, but I know a good many friends of his and have heard a good deal about him. Isn't he in a lunatic asylum?"

"Was," corrected the doctor. "One of the letters I received to-day was to inform me of his death in the asylum under most extraordinary circumstances. But then, if one begins to talk of extraordinary circumstances, nothing could be more strange than his life itself; poor fellow, he had a hard time of it."

"If it's anything in the shape of a yarn," said Ellis, "you might just as well spin it now; there's nothing else to be done unless we play cards."

"I don't mind telling you about it, more especially as it was never a secret; but I warn you that you will probably disbelieve the whole thing, although it is perfectly true."

"You are raising my curiosity to fever pitch," said Captain Ellis, laughingly. "Kindly begin at once, or I cannot answer for the consequences."

The doctor smiled and settling himself back into his chair began the following narrative:

"I must preface my story by saying that Fendall's family and mine were next-door neighbors in Blankshire and also distant connections by marriage; so that I know more about Roy Fendall's unhappy life than most people, more especially as he and I always hit it off pretty well together. When he joined his regiment and I went to walk the Hospital, we rather lost sight of one another, but always heard of each other's doings from our respective families. One fine day, some nine months after Roy had joined, I received a letter from one of my sisters, informing me of Roy's marriage, and adding that he was bringing his wife down to Fernleigh Hall to make the acquaintance of his family who had heard nothing about her until the wedding was actually over. This sounded rather odd, as Roy and his parents had, up till then, always been on the best of terms.

"I wrote and asked my sister to send me all the details of the affair, as I could not help thinking that it was a little mysterious. Connie, like the good soul she is, immediately sent a budget of news; and indeed, if she was to be believed, there was plenty of material for the gossip in everything concerning Mrs. Roy Fendall. It appeared that her maiden name was Varesco; she was the daughter of an English-woman and an Armenian merchant of Odessa.

"Both her father and mother had died when she was a baby, leaving her to be brought up by her father's aunt, a certain Mrs. Arataria, who had an only son. Dina Varesco had run wild till she was fourteen years old; at that age she was the acknowledged belle of Odessa, counted her admirers by the score, flirted with them, encouraged them, and threw them over with the aplomb of a woman of thirty. Mrs. Arataria, discovering that his son was beginning a vollent flirtation with his beautiful cousin, sent the girl off to England to school and told the youthful lovers they must wait a few years until they really knew their own minds.

"The separation did not seem to tell much on Dina's spirits; she had been at school for a couple of years when she met Roy Fendall at the house of a mutual friend. To see her was to admire her, and from that to loving her was but one step with poor Roy. He had only known her three weeks when he proposed to her, and she accepted him with an insouciance, which to any one less madly in love, would have argued badly for their matrimonial happiness.

"But he was simply in the last stage of infatuation, and could see no flaw in her anywhere. She insisted on their engagement being kept a secret, and also the wedding, on the plea that she hated a fuss, and succeeded in silencing all Roy's scruples. After the marriage, she graciously permitted him to inform his parents of the event, and after a certain amount of warfare on paper, Fendall pere asked the newly-married couple to come and stay at Fernleigh.

"Dina's beauty took them all by storm, and she certainly was a most beautiful woman. She had inherited her mother's golden hair and wild-rose complexion, and her father's black almond-shaped eyes with their long covered lashes and finely-pencilled eyebrows. She was small and exquisitely formed, with the daintest hands and feet, and the most bewitching little ears. But in spite of her beauty, her new relations could not get on with her; they were full of the best intentions, but Dina's manner somehow chilled and estranged them.

"She had such a curious way of gliding noiselessly into the room just when she was least wanted, and they could never tell how much or how little she had heard. Sometimes her beautiful dark eyes had a positively wolfish gleam in them, and her sisters-in-law and even her husband seemed to feel as if she had something uncanny about her.

"When she at last left to accompany Roy to Malta with his regiment, they were all unfeignedly relieved to see the last of her, but they were full of anxiety on Roy's account. It was curious how all they seemed to have made up their minds that Roy would suffer in some way from his connection with her.

"A year passed, however, without anything taking place to justify their alarm. At last, one day a letter came from Roy, saying that Dina's cousin and former lover Mr. Arataria, had come to Malta on business matters, and as he was likely to stay some time, they had asked him to share their house, which was a good deal larger than they required.

"Roy did not say much about him, but the general impression of the Fendall family, was that he was not particularly fond of his cousin by marriage. From time to time Roy mentioned that Malta did not seem to agree with him, as he was frequently subject to fainting fits; he also said that Dina's cousin was still with them. Dina herself never wrote, as she considered it was far too much bother.

"When the regiment had been at Malta some eighteen months, it was ordered on to India. Mr. Arataria announced his intention of going to ostensibly to see if he could not extend his business. He could not, of course, obtain a passage in the troopship, so went by a P. and O. steamer.

"While at sea Roy's fainting fits ceased entirely, but soon after he had settled down in India with Arataria once more as their guest, they began again. Things went on like this for about a year; the Fendalls received very few letters from their son, and those that reached them filled them with anxiety. Eventually they heard nothing for two or three months, and Mrs. Fendall was beside herself with apprehension.

"One evening, the front door bell rang and on going to open it, the old butler was confronted by the apparition of a man so worn, and haggard, and emaciated, that it was with the greatest difficulty he recognised Roy Fendall.

"'Master Roy!' he exclaimed. 'Beg pardon, Captain Fendall, sir, is that you? My mistress will be shocked to see you like this. Have you been ill, sir?'

"Roy smiled faintly, and taking the old man's arm, dragged himself wearily through the hall on to a sofa in the library, where he sank down exhausted. Her mother was hastily summoned, and after applying restoratives for some time, he revived and was able to speak.

"'Where is Dina, my dear boy?' asked Mrs. Fendall. 'What on earth possessed her to allow you to travel alone in this state?'

"At his wife's name, Roy turned deadly pale, glanced hastily round the room and put his hand to his neck with a queer kind of clutching movement.

"'Hush, mother,' he said hurriedly. 'Don't talk about her.' And pulling his mother's head down to his face, he said in a whisper, 'Send the girls away and let me tell you while I can—before I go mad or she kills me.'

"Mrs. Fendall's astonishment was unbounded, as you may well imagine, but controlling herself as well as she was able, she dismissed her daughters, and begged Roy to explain his mysterious speech. Far into the night they sat, and the mother's heart turned sick with dread and anxiety as she listened to her son's monstrous tale.

"It seemed that from the day that the Armenian cousin had appeared on the scene, everything in the Fendall household had gone wrong. Dina, never demonstrative at the best of times, became colder and colder in her manner to her husband, and finally so indifferent that Roy felt bound to say something to her about it; suggesting at the same time that Mr. Arataria's absence would be very desirable. Mrs. Roy listened to his remarks without moving a muscle.

"When he had finished, she slowly raised her long lashes and looking at him with an ominous glitter in her black eyes, replied in a clear, metallic voice: 'If you ever dare to speak to me on the subject again, I shall leave you and you will never see me again.' The words in themselves were not much, but the look and manner which accompanied them were so hateful and venomous that Roy felt a cold chill passing through him.

"'I wish you could have seen that look, mother,' he said wearily. 'There was nothing human about it. Ashamed of my momentary terror, I was about to expostulate with her, but she left them and managed to avoid being left tete-a-tete with me for several days. From that day forward, our household became most uncomfortable. Dina ignored my presence systematically, even when her cousin was in the room; to do him justice, Arataria was always scrupulously polite to me, and his ready tact filled up many an awkward gap in our conversation. Still, I was fully aware that he knew of my disagreement with my wife; and at times I caught him gazing at me with an indefinable glance, which I also saw in Dina's eyes whenever I managed to intercept her looks. It was a perfectly indescribable expression, but it always made me feel quite helpless as if I were a victim under the knife and they were the executioners. I bore with this state of things for some time, and at length once more suggested to my wife the propriety of Mr. Arataria seeking a domicile of his own.

"'Never in my life shall I forget the scene that followed. I had always felt that my wife's real character was a sealed book to me, but I then discovered what lay beneath her placid and impassive exterior. White as death, her eyes gleaming and her scarlet lips drawn tightly across her teeth till she looked more like a shoe-wolf than a woman, she stood and stormed at me for an hour. I felt so sick at heart to think that this furious vixen was really my delicate, dainty, ethereal wife, that I did not even hear what she said. Having at length exhausted her rage, she turned to go; but on reaching the door, she stopped and hissed out between her teeth: "The day he leaves this house, I leave it too; and then beware!"

"'I sank into a chair and sat staring at the door, wondering if by any chance I had taken leave of my senses! Gradually, my stunned amazement gave way and I found my recalling with disgust Dina's invectives and abuse. What could have caused her sudden dislike to me? For, like all men, I felt certain she had loved me once. What was the secret of Arataria's influence over her? What measures had I better take to rid myself of him without provoking a repetition of such a scene?

"'These and other thoughts whirled confusedly through my mind until, worn out with bootless speculations, I fell asleep. It was dusk when I awoke, and as I sat still for a moment wondering why I should have been sleeping in the drawing-room, the door opened and I heard Arataria's voice in the passage saying, "You can begin to-night!"

"'The door closed and somebody came to the window where I was sitting.

"'It was Dina. "Are you awake, Roy?" she asked in her clear, cold voice, from which all traces of her previous anger had vanished. Her tone sent a shiver through me, I don't know why.

"'I answered, "Yes," adding, "I suppose it is time to dress for dinner,' at the same time rising and leaving the room without giving her an opportunity of saying anything more. All the time I was dressing, I kept wondering what the meaning of Arataria's remark could have been. What will she begin to-night? I said to myself over and over again without finding any possible answer.

"'When I came down to dinner, I thought I had never seen my wife look so lovely. She was a little pale, the result no doubt of her rage in the afternoon, and the slimy black dress she wore only enhanced the whiteness of her skin. Her velvety eyes gleamed like diamonds and her full red lips were even more strikingly red compared to her pale face and black dress. In manner, she was perfect and quite like the Dina of our honeymoon days. I began to think that the quarrel of the afternoon existed only in my imagination; now and again, however, I caught her exchanging glances with Arataria, curiously eager, expectant, longing looks, which puzzled and alarmed me. What could she be longing for? What had she to expect? The bewilderment in which I was kept me very silent at dinner.

"'Dina and her cousin on the contrary were extremely gay and talkative, and their air of good fellowship and secret understanding annoyed me more than ever. I was angry with myself for occupying such a false position; and yet I could see no immediate way out of it. The dreadful paralyzed and helpless sort of feeling which always overcame me whenever I caught Arataria's steady gaze fixed on me was terrible. I could not own to myself that I was frightened of him, and yet it was something uncommonly like it. And, even granting that it was so, what cause had I to fear him? I thought and thought, but I saw no solution to the problem. After dinner, we went as usual to the drawing-room, coffee having been served; Dina, to my great astonishment, opened the piano and asked if I would like her to sing. She possessed a really lovely voice which had been trained to a high pitch of perfection, but, on ordinary occasions, no persuasion would induce her to open her lips; even when we were first married it was only as a great favor that she would occasionally sing to me.

"'Later on, the fact that I was devoted to music seemed to be sufficient to prevent her ever singing a note. So you may guess my utter surprise at this unusual occurrence. I took it as a good omen and replied that I should be enchanted if she would favor us with a song or two. I threw myself down on the sofa and listened with half-closed eyes to the ravishing sounds. Arataria was sitting on the other side of the room and, although I could not see him, I felt that he was watching me with that steady, pitiless gaze of his.

"'Worn out by the excitement of the day and soothed by the exquisite "timbre" of Dina's voice, which had a liquid ring

in it, suggestive of a physical caress, I soon feel fast asleep, but not to rest; a dream as torturing as the events of the day racked my brain and exhausted my body. At first, I dreamt I was in a fairy-like garden; the scent of flowers, the song of birds, the trickling of a thousand little streams and a radiant roseate glow over everything combined to delight my senses. Suddenly I beheld Dina, her arms stretched out toward me, a divine smile on her lips and the love-light in her eyes, just as I had seen it in earlier, happier days, or had fancied I saw it. I ran to clasp her to my heart, but as I advanced she retreated, her azure draperies floating round her slender body. All at once she turned and flung herself into my arms, covering me with her gauzy garments. As I pressed my lips to hers, I fancied that her filmy coverings seemed thicker; slowly their azure color faded, and Dina's yielding figure slipt from my embrace, leaving me enveloped in a thick gray mist which could be felt.

"'Thicker and thicker it grew, until my arms seemed bound to my sides, and my legs were stiff and heavy. In vain I tried to extricate myself; choked and suffocated, I gasped for air; my head swam, my very life seemed to be draining from me, when again I felt the velvety touch of Dina's lips on mine; then a horrible, sharp, stinging pain in my neck, as if two red-hot needles had been plunged into it, and with a cry I awoke to find Arataria standing by my side, holding my wrist in his fingers and a smelling bottle in his hand. Dina was sitting in a low chair a little way off, playing nervously with a scarlet hand screen. Her face was colorless, save for two bright red spots on her cheek bones, which burned feverishly; vying with the dewy scarlet of her lips.

"'They both asked if I felt better, and Dina told me that at first they thought I had fallen asleep, and had not wished to disturb me, but on seeing my complete immobility they became alarmed, and looking more closely, discovered that I had fainted. I assured them that I was all right, and rose from the sofa intending to go to bed. I was so weak that Arataria had to help me.

"'Some three weeks after this we were ordered to India, and once there I became a perfect martyr to those fainting fits. Regularly once or twice a week they occurred, invariably preceded, by the same dream and the same painful awakening with the stinging sensation in my neck. Tonics of all kinds were prescribed by the doctors, but were of no use, and they soon began to shake their heads, saying that nothing but leaving India would do me any good. The curious thing was that Dina was always at the piano whenever these attacks occurred, until it became quite a joke. Whenever I saw her preparing to play or sing, I used to laugh and say, "I suppose you want me to faint, Dina."

"'Strangely enough she was never angry, but took it all in good part; she had become much more gentle and loving since my first attack in Malta. She had been growing so much prettier of late, too, and it seemed that while I grew more and more of a wreck, she became far more beautiful. Never had she been so lovely nor so affectionate. Tenderly solicitous of me, she surrounded me with the most watchful care; too watchful it seemed to me, for my invalid fancy thought it detected in her soft eyes a glance like that of a bird of prey intent on its victim. But I dared not breathe my vague suspicions to a living soul, for had I done so I should have been called a madman, so completely had she fascinated everybody in the place, from the doctors downwards. And, indeed, to all outward appearance, she was a model wife; so devoted had she become that she would even sing without being asked. I grew to loathe the sound of her thrilling, soul-subduing voice, all the more so that whenever I fainted it was, as I have already said, when she was singing, though what connection there could be between these two things was difficult to divine! One morning, whilst dressing I suddenly noticed on my neck two small red marks, close together. I had never seen them before, and put them down to the bite of an insect of some sort, more especially as they looked as if they were of several days' standing, and thus dismissed the matter from my mind. That evening I fainted again, but forbear describing the scene, as everything was an exact replica of the first occasion. Had they not been so painful, the attacks would have been monotonous. The queer thing about them was Dina's invariable state of suppressed excitement on my recovery. Her tender anxiety, combined with the steely glitter of her dark eyes and Arataria's cold, curious stare, made me feel certain that something extraordinary was taking place. But what could it be? In vain I racked my brain to find some solution. If I have been naturally superstitious, it would have been easy to say that I was a victim of witchcraft practised by my wife and her cousin, and one day that idea had flashed across my mind. But, being an Englishman, I laughed at my own folly.

"'The next morning, moved by an unaccountable impulse, I looked at my neck to see if the red marks had disappeared; to my surprise, they were still there and looked quite fresh, vividly scarlet, as if they had just been made. I sat and looked at them in the glass, thinking in a dull sort of way that they were just in the place where I always felt the stinging sensation on recovering from my faints. One idea after another came crowding to my mind. Why were those marks so red? Yesterday they had been quite healed—now they were scarlet and seemed wet!—nearly as scarlet as Dina's cheeks, red as Dina's lips! Why should they be so close together? It was like the mark of a serpent's fang. Arataria was rather like a serpent; his cruel eyes were enough to paralyze anybody! How lovely Dina was growing! Why were her lips so red? Red as blood!—"Blood," I repeated half aloud with a shudder, glancing hastily round the room, half expecting to see Arataria or Dina looking at me, but finding myself still more alone. Slowly I finished dressing, trying to shake off the dreadful thoughts that assailed me, but in vain. All day they haunted me, assuming more definite shape until the horror of my own ideas seemed to be driving me mad. Half-forgotten stories of my childish days revived in my memory. Stories of witches, of lingering deaths, of evil eyes, of vampires.

"'I made up my mind I would watch the little marks very carefully, and perhaps that would help me to solve the horrible mystery that seemed to envelope me. Night and morning I looked at them, and in a day or two they were healed, and had the dull red look they had worn when I had first noticed them. The next evening I fainted once more, and on going to my room I went straight to the glass. A cry escaped my lips! The marks were quite fresh, and from one was oozing a tiny drop of blood! I recalled the stinging sensation which invariably preceded my recovery, and even as I thought about it I seemed to feel it again, and saw a second tiny drop issue from the other little wound. How long I sat staring at my livid, horror-striken face I do not know, but at last I flung myself on my bed to try and snatch a few minutes' relief from the ghastly thoughts which were haunting me. At dawn I rose and began putting together all things I should require for my journey to England, for I had determined to leave at once, without seeing Dina and her partner in crime.

"'As early as possible I called on the general commanding the station, and had a private conversation with him, the upshot of which was that I got leave to go that very day, the pretext being urgent private affairs. Fortunately for my plans, the mail steamer was to leave Bombay the next day. I returned to my house, and, ordering the carriage, started for the station, without inquiring whether Dina had returned from her morning ride or not. The next night found me on board the homeward-bound steamer, and it was with a sigh of relief that I heard the waves lapping against her sides, for I had a kind of feeling that, do what I would, I should not be able to escape from the clutches of the guilty pair.'

"With a sigh of exhaustion Roy sank back on the sofa, as he ended his dreadful history. Mrs. Fendall's feelings are easier to imagine than to describe. She could hardly credit her own ears, and terrible doubts as to her son's sanity crossed her mind.

"Roy seemed to guess her thoughts, for he suddenly said:

"'I am not mad, mother, though I confess it seems rather like it; but just look here.'

"Unfastening his collar, he pointed to his neck. Just above the collar bone were two little red marks, quite faint and somewhat larger than the mark left by a pin prick.

"'I have not had any fainting fits since I left India, and the scars have gradually grown less distinct. I used to look at them every day on board ship to make sure.'

He closed his eyes again with a weary sigh, and for about ten minutes neither of them spoke.

"Mrs. Fendall was terribly agitated by all she had just heard, and scarcely knew what to think or what to say.

"Suddenly Roy started up, and flinging up his arms across his face, cried out: 'Here she is! Oh, mother, save me!'

"Whether it was fancy or not, one cannot say, but Mrs. Fendall declares she saw a cloudy, shapeless form hanging over the sofa, close to Roy's head. As she looked she seemed to see the outline of a gigantic bat with outstretched wings, evolving itself from the nebulous mass; but instead of a bat's head she saw Dina's face, her red lips drawn up in a wolfish snarl, her eyes distorted with a bloodthirsty glitter. Nearer and nearer the loathsome monster came, when just as it seemed to be sinking down and enveloping Roy in its misty folds, Mrs. Fendall struck at it with a heavy ivory paper-cutter, which lay on a smaller table near her. The face vanished, the mist suddenly cleared away, and nothing remained of the dreadful vision.

"On looking at Roy, his mother found that he had fainted. Summoning assistance, she had him removed to a bedroom that had been prepared for him, and restoratives were applied.

"When he recovered, he said: 'Did you see her, mother?'

"Mrs. Fendall, who could not trust herself to speak, nodded fearfully.

"'Well, you have saved me this time, but she is sure to come back.'

"Even as he spoke, Mrs. Fendall's eye was caught by the unusual appearance of one of the corners of the room. She thought she detected the same filmy cloud hanging there that she had seen downstairs, but on approaching it nothing was visible. On resuming her seat at the bedside, it reappeared, and from that moment the Fendalls' house was never free from the mysterious thing. Whatever room Roy was in, one corner of it was darkened by this cloudlike mass. Once or twice a week the same scene would occur which had taken place on the night of his arrival. Sometimes the apparition had Dina's face, sometimes Arataria's, and on some occasions both together would glare from out the misty apparition with looks of diabolical hatred.

"This went on for some months, and then Roy had to be removed and placed in an asylum. He had a horror of being left alone, and the strictest injunctions were given by his family that an attendant should be with him night and day.

"He died about six months after entering the asylum, and his death was attended by a very strange incident.

"Seeing that the end was coming, his attendant went to ring the bell that summoned the doctor. It happened to be outside the door, a few yards down the passage. When the man returned Roy was dead, and on his neck were two little tiny scars, from which the blood was slowly oozing; only a drop at a time, but as fast as it was wiped away, another took its place, and this went on until the coffin was nailed down.

"Nothing more was ever heard of Dina or her cousin. The bungalow in which they had lived got the reputation of being haunted, and no native would go near it after dusk, for they declared that shrieks and groans were heard there all night, and terrible creatures were seen.

"Of course I can't pretend to explain the story, and most people say that Roy was the victim of a delusion. If so, it was a delusion that was shared by everybody who entered the Fendalls' house, for the curious shapeless cloud was visible to anybody who went into a room where Roy happened to be. But I shall have to let you find a solution for yourself, as I see it's two o'clock, and I must turn in; so good-night, old chap, I shall leave you to dream of the fair Dina."

"Heaven forbid," replied Captain Ellis so seriously, that the doctor went away laughing.

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Jack's Secret.

BY S. L. P.

"LOOK here, Jack, it's all very well for you to talk, but I don't believe you ever had a care or a trouble in your life. By Jove! I reckon you the most fortunate fellow under the sun. A handsome income, your own master, the gayest of dispositions, and, to cap all, engaged to one of the prettiest, best of girls, barring, of course, one—whom you love——"

"Down to the ground," broke in the one addressed, with a genial, infectious laugh. "You're right there, Ted. I'd just lay down my life to-morrow, to save Lucy from one hour's pain; that is what I call love. By Jove! as you say, you're right in everything; I am a lucky fellow, and I should find it headachy work to try to discover one real, true, bona fide trouble in my whole existence, which has reached the mature age of three and twenty. When I fell in love, I had not a rival; Lucy loved me as truly as I loved her, and said so, honestly, with her bonny eyes endorsing her words."

"Lucky dog!"

"Just so; I am lucky," agreed Jack; "I ought to be grateful, and," a deep, almost reverent seriousness coming over his bright, handsome face, "I sincerely trust that I am. But there is another great pleasure in possessing money, besides spending it."

He crossed to a side table, wrote something, came back, and held to his friend, Ted Earle, an oblong slip of paper.

"You're desperately hard up for twenty pounds, you say—there it is."

"Jack!" ejaculated the other, in surprise. "By Jove! do you really mean it? It'll pull me out of the fire, indeed. Still—but it's so awfully generous—I'm, by Jove! in such a deuced fix, I can't refuse your kindness; but I'll give you my I O U."

"My dear old fellow, if honor will not be powerful enough to cause you to repay me, when you can, an I O U will not, when you will never be asked for the money. Why, Ted, I do declare there are tears in your eyes."

"Well," cried Ted, "I'm not ashamed of them, Jack. Such generosity should move a man, if he be a true one. I came here to confide my troubles to you, and, by Jove, like a good fairy in a story-book, you remove them by——"

"A few scratches of that magic wand, the pen," laughed the other.

"Exactly; and make my heart as light as a feather."

Jack Warne burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, under which his friend, Ted Earle, might have felt uncomfortable, did he not know it was a peculiarity with Jack, who, by the least thing, grave or the reverse, was set off laughing.

Vitality and the perfect enjoyment of life were so strong within him, that they bubbled and sparkled over, like a freshly opened bottle of champagne.

Jack Warne had been left an orphan, and the owner of a comfortable fortune in his non-age. His guardian had been a dear old aunt, residing abroad, who had brought him up, and so won his affection, that, though he came into his property on reaching man's estate, he stayed with her another year, owing to her health failing. Before he was quite twenty-two she died.

"Jack, dear," she said, feebly, holding his hand, "I wish I knew you would always remain abroad as I have; that you would never go to England."

"Never go to England—the place of my birth?" he had exclaimed. "Why, aunt, I am craving to see it!"

"I know; therefore, if you promised me not to go, you would not."

"But why should I not, aunt?"

"A whim—a whim of mine. Old people often form them." said the old lady, hastily.

Then, as she turned away her head on the pillow, murmured to herself:

"All I say may but make it worse—best be silent. It is in God's hands—it must be as He directs!"

No sooner had Jack paid the last melancholy duties to his only relative than he started for London, where he set up a bachelor establishment, and led a merry, happy life, a general favorite with all his friends.

Indeed, in your language he was an "all round good fellow," generous, open-handed, whose very appearance was sufficient to drive dull care away.

Very soon after settling down he crossed the path of Lucy Curtis. The mutual attraction ended in mutual love, and on this day when Ted Earle had visited him

in his rooms in the Albany, Jack Warne, with a supreme gratitude to the ruling Providence, felt his cup of content full, even to overflowing.

His friend after awhile taking his departure with a far lighter step than he had brought, Jack sat for a space smoking, and thoughtfully contemplating his present existence and pleasant surroundings.

On the whole he felt he ought to consider himself honored above most mortals. There was only one thing he wanted to increase his happiness, and that in a few months now was to be his—Lucy seated by his side as his dear little wife.

That reminded him. At this hour she was always at home. Why should he not run round for a chat?

The smoking-coat was soon changed, and Jack on his way.

Lucy was at home, and, better still, alone.

"My dear Jack," she exclaimed, advancing towards him through the long drawing-room, both little hands extended, "I am so glad you have come. You were the very person of whom I was thinking!"

"My darling Lucy," he rejoined, not contenting himself with taking the hands only, "I thought you were always thinking of me?"

"Well," smiling, "I suppose, dear, that's true, but I didn't mean it in that way. It's this. Poor aunt Gregson is worse, or imagines herself so. You know she is always imagining something, and papa got a letter from her to-day requesting that we should go down to her for the last time. As she really is in delicate health, and what she says may be true, he does not like to delay, therefore we are off to Yorkshire this afternoon."

"Then you will not be of the Traits' garden-party?"

"It would be impossible."

"Then I shan't go."

"Don't be foolish, Jack. Why shouldn't you?"

"Because it would be but a dull affair with you not there. Indeed, on reflection, all London will be a very Sahara desert; or like Byron's fine, awful poem of the 'City of Darkness,' when you, my glorious sun, no longer rise upon it."

"Jack, you don't mean you are so foolish? I don't fancy we shall be away more than a week."

"Then, pet, I'll tell you what I'll do," said he. "For some little while I've had a longing to see the natal place, in Wales, of my family. You know there is a fine old manor house that had been in our family for generations; but my father, directly it came to him, sold it. He didn't like the place. Still the Warnes were a great people there once. You don't think I'm foolish in that whim?"

Of course she did not. She commended him for it, and hinted that, after their marriage, he should take her down there to see it also.

This arranged, in a while they parted—ah-di-me!—ah-di-me!—how to meet again?

Jack waited but to know that Lucy was really off to Yorkshire—for if anything at the last moment had delayed her going, no craving to look upon his family's natal place would have taken him from London; then, his portmanteau packed, he started for Llangareth.

It was a lovely spot, wild and picturesque, buried among the Welsh mountains, at the base of which stood the old manor.

Ancient, picturesque, surrounded by old grounds, it looked the very place a man would invest money in—not make money of. There were children playing on the lawn, and near, on an umbrella garden-chair, a young, dainty lady, evidently the mistress of the place.

It was a picture of home, and home happiness. Jack, contemplating it, reflected.

"Whatever made the governor sell it?" By Jove! as Ted would say—now I remember, I never knew anything even of its existence, until that day, rummaging among a tin box of papers, I came upon the deed of transfer. Dear old aunt. She burned it in the fire, I recollect, as if it had been a snake, exclaiming.

"'Let it burn, Jack—let it burn with the other rubbish. I thought it had been destroyed long ago. There's no good in keeping old papers.' Funny!" and Jack fell into one of the laughs, so clear and ringing, that it must have reached the lady on the lawn, for certainly her face turned in his direction.

"I should like to go over the old place, he pondered. "I wonder whether they would let me, if I asked?"

Just then a great blob of a rain-drop fell on his hand, swiftly followed by another, then another. The storm that had been threateningly hanging about the mountain peaks all day, had suddenly broken with accumulative fury.

In a few seconds the white dusty road was rendered black and muddy; the lady and the children had run into the house, and Jack, turning up the collar of his coat, ran too, but whither? Where was he to find shelter?

The little town of Llangareth was at least two miles distant. He should be soaked before he could reach it. Not a house of any description appeared in sight. Was there no tree?—no cluster of bushes which would afford some protection?

Pausing to look round, he caught sight of the corner of a cottage over the hedge. In a few seconds he had reached the small white gate leading into the garden belonging to it, passed in and knocked at the door.

It was opened by a very old woman—possibly ninety, but who might have been a hundred, though yet retaining the Welsh freshness of complexion. She gave him welcome, and placed a chair opposite her own by the fire, over which swung a kettle.

Seeking a topic of conversation, Jack naturally selected the Manor House.

"A fine place, look you?" remarked the old woman, rapidly plying her knitting needles. "You are right; it is a very fine place. Ah, me!"

"Have you lived here long?" queried Jack.

"All my life, sir."

"Then possibly you remember the old possessors——"

"The Warnes?" put in the old woman. "Eh, but I should think I did. I was, look you, nurse to Mr. Edmund's only son. It was a nice family—a good family. Why Heaven laid such a curse upon it, I could never understand, that I couldn't."

"A curse!" ejaculated Jack, with a start. "What curse? If—if it's not a secret?"

"No, it's no secret that I know of. There's but one of the race left, and they had him brought up abroad; and Mr. Edmund sold the manor, hoping, look you, to keep truth from Mr. John, and p'raps break the curse. I hope it did—I hope it did."

Jack had been doubtful about disclosing his identity. Now he was determined not to; at least, until he had heard.

"If it's no secret, I own I should like to hear," he said. "You have interested me."

And the old nurse, ignorant who sat before her, and glad to have someone to chatter to, spoke freely.

* * * * * *

"I say, Ted!" exclaimed a member, as the person addressed strolled into the smoking-room of his club. "What has come to dear old Jack Warne?"

"I would to Heaven I knew," was the response. "I am as much surprised at the change, and ignorant of the cause, as you seem to be."

"Seem! Nay, it is. I met him yesterday, and was almost knocked off my understandings. I've been acquainted with him some while, but had never seen such an expression on his face before. Very much worse than the old gentleman's, when he lost half-a-crown and found sixpence."

"I know. I've seen him. It's a riddle."

"He was always the best of good fellows, but he's turned right down goody-goody."

"Nonsense!"

"A fact. He must have got bitten by some Latterday Saint, or Mormon Stiggins, while in Wales, and is right down rabid."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, when I went to speak to him, he kept me off with his cane, saying:

"'Don't come near me yet, my good fellow, until I have had a bath and change of clothes. The typhus is raging in that wretched street you saw me come out of—whole families down and not a soul to help them. I've been up all night seeing what I could do. But there's no need of your running into danger;' and you may be sure I gave him a wide berth after that."

"What a strange fellow he is," remarked Ted.

"He was always inclined to the hyper-generous, and anything in that way doesn't much astonish me in him. Hark! surely that is he."

"It's his laugh," acquiesced the other. "I'd swear to it among a hundred."

Even as he spoke, Jack Warne entered with a fellow member. He was thinner, paler; there was a something deep down in the expression of his eyes which had not been there before. But apparently his former gaiety had returned, for, throwing himself in a chair; he was soon laughing and chatting with those around.

Ted Earle' standing aside, watched him with much interest. He loved Jack, and had reason to.

"What the deuce is it?" he thought. "There's something wrong. By Jove! I have it! Lucy Curtis must have jilted him. A man only goes on as Jack is doing when there's a woman in the case."

"It's all very well for you young fellows to be laughing and joking," said an elderly member, coming in. "Egad, I think you had better at be[illegible]your prayers, for it may be a here to-day gone to-morrow case with us all. Did you hear how many deaths there were of the fever yesterday? In that wretched slum, St. Jude's Street, in the Dials, they say there's not a house free. The doctors are almost in despair for help."

"Where did you say, McKay?" asked Jack, rising and buttoning his coat, as if going into a fight.

"St. Jude's Street."

"All right."

"Good heavens, Jack!" exclaimed Ted, putting his hand on his shoulder, "you are surely not going there?"

"Yes, I am. Why not?" was the answer, as the speaker turned a white but firm face upon his interlocutor. "If help is required, help shall be forthcoming. Don't look horrified, man, just because a fellow may catch a disease that may kill him. There are things that may happen him far worse than that, I can tell you," breaking into one of his well-known laughs. "Ta, ta; don't fear, I shan't come back among you until I know it's safe."

He had gone, leaving them puzzled, perplexed, looking at each other. As he hailed a hansom, the grave expression returned to his features, and only lifted when he stood in the fever-infested, wretched dens, aiding the sick, pecuniarily and otherwise.

What did it mean? It was that terrible year when persons began to fear a second plague was threatening London. Those who could fled from the City, but Jack kept on in the very midst of it; where it was worst there he was to be found.

Ted's idea that Lucy Curtis had jilted him was confirmed, for it soon got to be known the engagement had been broken off—some said by Lucy, others by Jack. There had been an interview, they had parted, only clasping hands, and Lucy had cried as if her heart would break.

The fever abated, disappeared, and had left Jack uninjured, in health apparently better than ever.

"Thank God!" thought Ted; "he is too fine and good a fellow to lose. Gone to the seaside, has he? Best thing for him."

Three mornings after he read in the paper, in large type:

"Wreck of the 'Onyx.' Heroic attempt at a rescue."

A ship had been driven on the rocks during the violent gale of the previous night; the sea was so fearful that not a boatman would venture out, despite the reward offered by a gentleman present. Finding this, refusing to be prevented, the gentleman had himself endeavored to swim out to the vessel with a rope; the boatmen had declared it simply suicide. So it proved, for the gentleman had been washed back on to the beach so injured that his wife was despaired of.

To Ted's horror, the gentleman was Jack Warne. Before the day was far advanced he was by his friend's bedside, and saw death in his face. Nevertheless, he said, cheerfully:

"Take courage, old fellow. You'll get over it."

"Get over it!" Jack cried, springing up in bed, his face full of horror. "Great Heaven! Ted, you can't mean I shall recover? What have I courted death for so long to fail now? No, I feel I shall die soon, so hear the truth."

Then he told his secret, heard from his old nurse. For the last few generations every male of his family had lost their reason at thirty.

"I had it," said Jack, "and symptoms I did not understand I understood then, and knew I was doomed. Great Heaven! think, to live and wait for that. It was awful. Instead, I courted death. I pray Heaven—I have found it."

He had, for even as he fell back on his pillow life fled.

Ted felt bound to carry poor Jack's secret to Lucy.

"Ah, yes," she remarked, softly, her eyes full of tears, "it was no secret to me. That was why our engagement was broken. He acted nobly, and loved me dearly, and I shall be faithful to his memory—my poor darling Jack!"

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A contentious church member in a Western town recently attempted to have his pastor disciplined for using the slang phrase "not in it" in the pulpit. But the bottom dropped out of his charge when the clergyman produced the manuscript of his sermon and read this sentence from it: "In a word, my Christian hearers, the ark was a miniature world; there was no form of life that was not in it."

A queer business transaction has just come to light in Paris. A man was arrested for buying a blind man. It seems that the first owner of the blind man secured him from an asylum and used to lead him along in front of the cafes to beg. The venture was not a financial success, so he sold his blind man to another speculator, who was soon disgusted. The unfortunate man was deserted on the streets by his purchaser, and in that way the police became acquainted with the peculiar transaction.

Tradesmen are imposed upon in various ways, observes an exchange. Recently a well-dressed stranger, accompanied by a boy, entered a hat shop in Frankfort, apparently with the intention of buying a hat. After much trouble the storekeeper fitted him with one, and invited him to look in a mirror to see how handsome he appeared in it. After gazing at himself in the glass the man turned round to the boy and said, "How do I look, Carl?" "Like a thief," promptly responded the boy. The man darted angrily toward him, but the lad fled from the shop pursued by his accomplice. The storekeeper thought it was very funny, until their long absence made him realize that he had been cleverly robbed.

On the United States side of the line at Nogales, Arizona., eggs have been rendered dear by the new tariff upon them, inasmuch as the hens of that region are chiefly owned on the Mexican side and fed with cheap Mexican grain. A shrewd Yankee recently arrived there, and he was convinced that his opportunity lay in the high price of eggs, so he erected a large hen house exactly across the boundary line. At the United States end he provided nests, and at the other end he fed his hens with low-priced Mexican grain. The hens ate the grain in Mexico, and then walked across the line into the United States to lay their eggs. The transaction was perfectly honest, for the Yankee smuggled neither grain nor eggs. He is making money fast.

A report from the Minister Resident and Consul General to Liberia, recently received, speaks very highly of the prospects of the negroes who have recently emigrated thither from the United States. A liberal piece of land is allotted to each immigrant, and they are cared for by the colonization society for six months, by which time it is expected that they will have raised enough to be self supporting. A few of the negroes finding that they could not get rich at once, and were expected to work for their living, were disappointed, and returned to the United States. The rest are satisfied, and have turned their attention to planting coffee, which, in a few years, will yield them a fine income. One man who went out a few months ago now has a good house built and 5000 young coffee trees.

A Belfast, Me., woman got indignant last summer at the shabby appearance of the lawn about her house. After mowing down her husband with wrath, she was soon on the lawn herself with the lawn mower. Back and forth she pushed the machine, while the sun beamed soft and mellow on the down trodden woman and everything else. From a shady nook her husband timidly watched her determined display. For an hour, in which she must have traveled a dozen miles, she worked; but, sad to relate, not a blade of grass bowed to her indignant endeavors. Finally her husband plucked up courage enough to address her: "Hadn't you better turn the machine over, my dear?" She did turn the machine over—into the gutter, and swept into the house with a look that kept her husband at a distance for several days.

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Our Young Folks.

ARTIST OR CARPENTER?

BY H. W. WOOD.

"I WILL be an artist!" cried Willie Blake, and as he spoke he threw up his cap into the air, and set off running towards home.

He was only a poor man's son, but then had not the great Giotto been a shepherd-boy? and he felt the power of making himself famous strong in his heart.

John Blake was well known in all the country as a clever carpenter and house-painter, and Willie had learned his father's trade; but for the last six months he had done little but sit in a corner of the workshop, busy with the colors and canvas which he had saved up his money to buy.

Mr. Armstrong, a clever artist, who had been staying at the Rectory, had seen some of his pictures, and praised them so much, that the boy's heart was filled with ambition, and he studied the books lent him, and tried with all his might to understand the hints given.

However, Mr. Armstrong had gone back to London, seeming to forget all about him; and John Blake hoped Willie would now help him in his trade, as he used to do.

But weeks went by without any change, and so long as John was able to do plenty of work himself, he could not bear to interrupt the boy, who was "a real genius," Mr. Armstrong said.

Willie did not understand very well what a genius was, but he was sure it meant something grand.

This summer evening he had been to the town to buy a new brush, and thought he could never get home fast enough to begin painting.

But why was that carriage standing at the little gate? Willie's run changed to a walk as he recognized the doctor's horses, and a fear of some trouble came over him.

There were sounds of hurrying feet in the cottage, and as Willie ran upstairs his mother met him with such a white face that his heart sank.

"Oh, Willie, Willie!" she cried, "a dreadful accident has happened! your father fell from the roof of Mr. Wilson's greenhouse, and was carried home as helpless as if he were dead; the doctor says that his back is injured, and he cannot tell whether he will ever walk again."

"Oh, it can't be so bad as that," said Willie. "Don't cry so, mother: it is terrible to think of, indeed, but he will get well, I am sure."

He would not believe such news, and tried to hope on through the dark days which followed, when poor John lay moaning and helpless, with his wife watching beside him, and Willie tried to help her, and comforted himself with his painting.

But days became weeks; and there seemed no hope that the carpenter would ever work again.

He did not suffer much now, but he could not move from one position, and what with doctor's, and butcher's, and grocer's bills, the little cottage began to look very poor, for Mrs. Blake could not make ends meet without great saving and self denial.

As for Willie, he seemed to have closed his eyes to the duty before him, and I do not know how long he would have gone on thinking only of his painting, if he had not heard his mother talking to a neighbor one evening.

"I do not know how to manage," she cried.

"I thought Willie would have been willing to work for us, since he is a big boy now, and clever at the trade, but we let him have his liberty so long, he cannot bear to give up his painting; and, of course, it would be a pity, only pictures will not put bread in our mouths."

Poor Willie! He sat quite still for a moment, looking at the pretty sketch of the pond and old mill which was growing under his fingers, and then his head went down, and his face was hidden in his hands.

He meant to do right, but so many men can be carpenters, so few artists! and Mr. Armstrong had promised him great things if he persevered and studied patiently until he came again.

But what could his father and mother live on in the meanwhile?

There was no use in persuading himself that he ought to follow his own fancies any more, as he had been doing of late.

It was a hard fight, but before the day ended all those precious paints and brushes had been put away, and Willie had set the workshop in order, for his mind was made up to do the duty before him.

Mrs. Blake sighed next morning when she saw him hurry away at sunrise, and her tears fell quietly as days passed, and Willie seemed to be more busy than ever with his painting.

But one evening as she sat by John's side, talking sadly about the future, the boy came in, and laid a little parcel of coins in her lap.

"There is something to help us on, mother," he said proudly.

"Where did this come from?" she asked in surprise; and then Willie told her how he had finished some work with which his father had been occupied when the accident happened, and carried it over to kind Mr. Grey at the Rectory.

"And the Rector was pleased with it," he went on, "and said he would get me employment if I worked my best, so you see there are two strong hands to help you still."

"I knew you would see what was right," cried John; "and though I'm sorely grieved to have your painting stopped, there is no way to avoid it. Perhaps some day I shall be well again."

Willie was really a clever boy, and he threw himself heartily into the business; all the small delicate pieces of work were done in his father's room, and the carpenter's advice helped him very much.

The neighbors were kind to them also, and kept him always busy, so that some comfort came back to the little home; but it was often hard to turn away from the place where his dear pictures were hidden out of sight.

* * * * * *

A year had passed by, and still John Blake lay on his back, and Willie worked on bravely, though his heart was very heavy sometimes; and one particular day, while he helped to put up a new wardrobe at the Rectory, the sight of the beautiful paintings on the wall made all the old trouble come back.

He began to whistle a merry tune and tried not to think, and presently Mr. Grey's voice called to him—

"Willie, just step into Master Herbert's room, and tell him he may come with me to the station."

"All right, sir," answered the young carpenter, and crossed the passage to where Herbert sat with his sister Nellie; but at the door he stopped with a little gasp.

For the boy was busy with a painting on his easel, and Nellie stood by, giving her opinion, which seemed to be far from flattering.

"Bother the old thing!" cried Herbert, jumping up impatiently. "It's all in a mess, and there's no one to help me with it now."

Willie gave his message, and then could not resist coming to look at the picture; he saw what was wrong at once, and his eyes lit up with delight.

In another moment the brush was in his hand, and he was putting in a touch here and there which quickly changed the whole look of the sketch, while the children watched him wonderingly.

The minutes went by, and still he worked on, in the joy of painting once more, not seeing that Herbert had slipped away, and it was nearly half an hour later when a kind voice roused him.

"Well, my boy, I see you have not lost your genius all this time," and looking up, he saw his old friend Mr. Armstrong, who had arrived earlier than Mr. Grey had expected.

Willie started up, blushing and apologizing; but before he could explain what had happened at home Mr. Armstrong had said that he was now ready to take him away to London, and give him the training he needed to become a real artist.

Poor Willie turned away with tears in his eyes from this sore temptation.

"I can't, sir," he said, "my father's crippled, and I must work work for him."

Very soon Mr. Armstrong knew the whole story, and though he was sorry for the boy, acknowledged that he was right to give up his hopes.

Willie shouldered his tools and hurried home, feeling as if he could not bear to speak to anyone for a while, not even his mother, though she came to meet him with such a bright face.

"My boy," she cried, "your father has got on his feet again! The doctor has been here, and says he will recover now. Oh, how much we have to be thankful for!"

The news she had told him a year before had seemed too bad to be believed, but this was almost too good. Day by day, however, John gained more strength, until at last he was able to work again.

Mr. Armstrong found him quiet employment near London, where he showed his cleverness in house decorating so plainly that he became well known and highly thought of, and Willie was free to study as an artist.

How glad he was that he had given up his own pleasure when it was needful, and had conquered that last and greatest temptation.

I have not told you his real name, which is a very famous one, but one day you may see a picture painted by our Willie, who proved to be a genius after all.

SUDDEN SURPRISES OFTEN FATAL.—There are many persons who are fond of contriving surprises—pleasant surprises for their friends; and in nine cases out of ten, such little stratagems are harmless.

But there are circumstances in which any tampering with that delicate instrument, the human heart, becomes a tragic experiment.

Here is a case in point. A young man of Marseilles had been brought up in the family of a merchant, and of course fell in love with his only daughter.

It became necessary to send him to Calcutta on business; but the pain of parting was softened by a promise that his marriage should take place on his return.

In a few weeks, however, news came that the steamship in which he had embarked had been wrecked, and that every soul perished. The grief of his destined bride was agonizing.

After a time however she became calmer; but insisted on entering a convent with the intention of taking the veil at the end of a year.

But a few months of her noviciate had passed when she announced her intention of leaving the convent, in consequence of repeated dreams which showed her her lover alive and well, and asking for her hand.

In spite of the remonstrances of the superior and sisterhood, the girl went home, where she was received with open arms by her parents.

But there was a mysterious expression in their joy, the meaning of which she could not fathom.

They took her by the hand and led her to the sitting-room; on the threshold stood her lover, who received her into his arms and covered her with kisses.

When he released her from embrace, she tottered, stretched out her hands towards her parents, and sunk upon the floor a corpse. The joyful surprise had killed her.

HIGH BANK CHECK.—No, the fair sex have never been credited with much business sense, said the paying teller of a leading St Louis bank, as he closely scrutinized the check presented by a newspaper man. There are good grounds for this belief, too, as many business men have occasion to know.

The other day, for instance, a wealthy society lady whose name is familiar to the public and who keeps a large private account with this bank had occasion to draw her check for $1000.

Her signature, of course, is well known to me and I could hardly be deceived in it. When this particular check was presented it struck me instantly that the name was not properly signed, and after comparing it with her signature in the book I declined to honor the check.

On the following day I received a stormy visit from the lady, who, without allowing me an opportunity of making any explanation, proceeded to give me a tongue lashing for daring to question her paper.

When her anger had somewhat subsided, I said: "Madame, the signature on that check did not at all correspond to the one on our books, and as the signature is the only guarantee which the bank has that the check was properly drawn I refused payment."

"Well," said she, after much hesitation, "I was very busy when the check was drawn up and asked my sister Mary to sign it for me. I supposed, of course, that it was all right."

MRS. PATSY NEARS, who lives in Howard county, Ind., is said to be 108 years old, although she claims to be two years older. She did not learn to read until she was over 80 years of age, and she has since read the Bible through seven times and Josephus' History of the Jews once. She has been a zealous Baptist over one hundred years and and an incessant smoker for over ninety years. Her eyesight remains as clear as ever, her teeth are unimpaired, and she is in possession of her mental faculties.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A street-car ride in Winnipeg costs only 2 cents.

Sales by auction were formerly held by candle-light.

It is stated that there are now 42,000 Jews in Jerusalem.

The game of chess is taught in all the public schools of Vienna.

There are claimed to be 72 places named St. Etienne in France.

A bantam hen at Norwich, Connecticut, has adopted a young peacock.

There are said to be about 2000 varieties of apples raised in this country.

Frank Ernest, of New York city, has been fined for painting a horse yellow.

Wine is frequently used instead of water in Spain in mixing shoe-blacking.

The population of Aurora, Nevada, was once 5000. It is now, it is said, but 25.

There are said to be two places in London where clergymen can buy sermons printed.

A number of London undertakers send out price circulars to families having cases of serious illness.

It is estimated that Judge Lynch has executed during the past year 236 people, an increase over 1891 of 43. His victims were 231 men and 5 women.

The long tails of the Shah of Persia's horses are dyed crimson for six inches at their tips—a jealously-guarded privilege of the ruler and his sons.

Mrs. George Hearst, wife of the late Senator Hearst, of California, is the most heavily insured woman in the world. The amount is for $500,000.

There is a horse living in New York with its neck broken and hanging limp between its fore legs. Veterinarians say that it is the queerest case on record.

It stormed so violently at Moscow, Idaho, on Christmas eve that the people who attended the services were compelled to remain in the churches all night.

Max O'Rell says that by the wedding ceremony the French woman gains her liberty, the English woman loses hers, and the American woman continues to do as she pleases.

The Arizona and New Mexico Railroad is reputed to be the slowest railroad in the world. It runs from Lordsburg, New Mexico, to Clifton, Arizona, a distance of 71 miles, and the schedule time, it is said, is 8 hours.

The young German Emperor is a very firm shot, although obliged to hold his gun only with the right hand. The weakness of his left arm has forced him to train himself to hold his gun or rifle like a pistol, and his aim is very steady and sure.

As one of the many indications that the young Duke of Orleans holds the memory of his great grandfather in profound veneration, the statement has been made that the former never eats pears because his famous ancestor never ate them.

The law forbids the Empress of China going outside the grounds of her palace; but her interest in working women is so great that she has ordered to be built within the enclosure a large cloth and silk factory, and here she is planning to give work to many girls and women.

The County Clerk, of Boone county, Mo., recently issued a marriage license to a young couple, but as the parents of the prospective bride were opposed to the wedding, the document was returned endorsed as follows: "The license is by mutual consent returned not executed."

The Japanese are fond of bathing. In the city of Tokio there are over 800 public bath-houses, in which a person can take a bath, hot or cold, for a sum equal to one cent. Most of the Japanese prefer warm baths, and very likely this is the reason why their complexions are usually clear, smooth and spotless.

Charles Dudley Warner's "Mexican Notes" contains this bit of interesting information: "Mexico has one evidence of civilization that some other civilized countries lack. In every city, in nearly every town, there are attractive bath houses. However mean the town may be otherwise, the public bath house is sure to be neat and attractive."

English papers report a phenomenal marriage which took place in South Shields. The bridegroom was 6 feet 2 inches tall, and the bride 3 feet 3½ inches tall. The former was a man without arms, who signed the marriage contract with a pen the stock of which he held between his teeth; a woman who weighed 350 pounds, and a man 7 feet 6 inches tall.

Officer Young, of Portland, Oregon, tells an amusing incident which illustrates the effect of the new law prohibiting the use of cigarettes by minors. The other day he met three small boys lustily puffing at corncob pipes. He asked one of the youngsters if they had any cigarettes. "Naw," he replied, "if you men won't let us have cigarettes, we're going to smoke pipes."

DO YOU REMEMBER?

BY W. W. LORD.

Do you remember that one perfect night,
That radiant night you called so sweet,
When moonlight silvered tree and flower,
As I lay resting at your feet?

The river's wavelets tinkled on the beach,
The wind sang soft upon the lea;
No word of speech between us passed,
Quiet we were in love's fond ecstasy.

A star shot downward from the blue—
Quick, ere from sight it did depart,
Unto my soul I made a wish,
That we through life might never part.

OF SKULL LEGENDS.

Connected with certain houses, in different parts of the world, are many strange skull stories, the popular idea being that if any profane hand should be bold enough to remove, or in any way tamper with, such relics of the dead, misfortune will inevitably overtake the family. Hence, for years past, there have been carefully preserved in some of the country houses numerous skulls, all kinds of romantic traditions accounting for their present isolated and unburied condition.

Thus, an old farmstead known as Bettiscombe, near Bridport, Dorsetshire, has long been famous for its so-called "screaming skull," said to be that of a negro servant who declared, before his death, that his spirit would not rest unless his body was buried in his native land.

But he was buried in Bettiscombe churchyard, and the story goes that soon afterwards fearful screams proceeded from the grave, the doors and windows of the house rattled and creaked, strange noises were heard, and there was no rest for the inmates until the body was dug up.

From time to time efforts were made to bury the body, but they were always followed by similar disturbances. Hence the skull still holds its place in Bettiscombe House.

In a farmhouse in Sussex are preserved two skulls from Hastings Priory, about which many gruesome stories are current in the neighborhood. One skull, it seems, has been in the house many years; the other was placed there by a former tenant of the farm.

It is the general impression in the locality that, if the former skull were to be removed, the cattle in the farm would sicken, and unearthly sounds be heard in and about the house at night time.

According to the tradition of the neighborhood, the skull belonged to a man who murdered an owner of the house, and marks of blood are pointed out on the floor of the adjoining room where the murder is supposed to have been committed, and which no washing will remove. But we are informed the skull has been removed more than once, without any ill effect arising from this act.

On one occasion, says a correspondent of the "Sussex Archæological Collection," it was placed by a profane hand in a branch of a neighboring tree, where it remained a whole summer, during which time a bird's nest was constructed within it, and a young brood successfully reared.

At a short distance from Turton Tower, near Bolton, is a farmhouse known by the name of Timber-bottom, or the "skull-house." It is so nicknamed from the circumstance that two skulls are or were kept there, one of which was much decayed, and the other appeared to have been cut through by a blow from some sharp instrument.

Tradition says these skulls must be kept in the house, or the inmates will never cease to be disturbed. They are said to have been buried many times in the graveyard at Bradshaw Chapel, but they have always had to be exhumed and brought back to the farmhouse.

They have even, write the authors of "Lancashire Legends," been thrown into the adjacent river, but to no purpose, for they had to be fished up and restored to their old quarters before the ghosts of their owners could once more rest in peace.

Wardley Hall, Lancashire, has its skull. It is commonly said that a young man of the Downes family, the last male representative of his family, was slain in a drunken brawl, and his head having been severed from his body was sent as a memento mori to his sister.

His head, runs the local legend, has been kept at the hall ever since, none of the tenants having been able to get rid of it.

Roby in his "Traditions of Lancashire," referring to the Wardley Hall skull, tells us that "it was removed secretly at first, but invariably it returned to the hall, and no human power could drive it thence. It hath been riven to pieces, and otherwise destroyed, but on the subsequent day it was seen filling its wonted place."

Roby further adds that "this skull is usually kept in a little locked recess in the staircase wall, and being much averse to any change of place or position, never failed to punish the individual severely who should dare to lay hands upon it with any such purpose. If removed, drowned in the neighboring pond, or buried, it was sure to return; so that, in the end, each succeeding tenant was fain to endure its presence rather than be subject to the terrors and annoyances consequent upon its removal. Even the square aperture in the wall was not permitted to be glazed without the skull, or its long-defunct owner, creating some disturbance."

A romantic and tragic story is told of the skulls which have long haunted an old house near Ambleside. As told by Mr. Moncure Conway, it appears that a small piece of ground—known as Calgrath—was owned by a humble farmer named Kruster Cook and his wife Dorothy. But their little inheritance was coveted by a wealthy magistrate, Myles Phillipson, who, unable to induce them to sell it, brought a false charge of theft against them. Such an offence was then capital, and, as Phillipson was the magistrate, Kruster and Dorothy were sentenced to death. Before her death, however, Dorothy exclaimed, "While Calgrath walls shall stand, we'll haunt it night and day—never will ye be rid of us!"

The two skulls were burned again and again, they were brayed to dust and cast to the winds, they were several years sunk in the lake, but the Phillipsons never could get rid of them. Meanwhile old Dorothy's weird went on to its fulfilment, until the family sank into poverty, and at length disappeared.

Grains of Gold.

Never quit certainty for hope.

When we look wrong we cannot walk right.

A man with a prejudice is a man with a chain.

People who think too little are sure to talk too much.

Life has no joy that is not based on some kind of a hope.

The man who borrows trouble always has to pay big interest.

The best friends are those who stimulate each other to good.

About the easiest way to make a man mad is to tell him the truth about himself.

Many people mistake stubbornness for bravery, meanness for economy, and vileness for wit.

People would rather pardon the defects you have than the affectation of virtues you have not.

Whatever I do study ought to be engaged in with all my soul: for I will be eminent in something.

The best physician is he who insinuates hope into the heart at the same time that he prescribes for the disease.

Every morning we enter upon a new day, carrying still an unknown future in its bosom. Thoughts may be born to-day, which may never be extinguished. Hopes may be excited to-day which may never expire. Acts may be performed to-day, the consequence of which may not be realized till eternity.

Femininities.

Born leaders of men—Women.

Oswego, New York, has a 13-year-old girl burglar.

There are 58,000 women in England enrolled in trade unions.

Corsets have been found upon the waists of Egyptian mummies.

At the fashionable dinner oysters are served on artificial oyster shells.

The habit of calling people "Colonel" is very common in the New England States.

New York city lays claim to over 500 women bicycle riders, and a club has been formed.

Seven-year-old Lilie Beall, of Calhoun county, Alabama, is said to weigh 145 pounds.

Pneumatic tubes have been placed on baby carriages, and are meeting with some success.

He: "You seem to be very happy. Anything on hand?" She: "Don't you see that ring?"

It won't help your own crop any to look over the fence and count the weeds in your neighbor's garden.

A London woman has tried the experiment of a boy of 16 to do her general housework, and has found the result satisfactory.

A woman in Ohio has a churn which has been in her possession for 55 years, and which has made more than $10,000 worth of butter.

Mrs. M. A. Haulenbeck, of New York, who has been a commercial traveler for ten years, earns $5,000 a year in commissions upon the sales she makes.

The postoffice and telegraph office at Lexington, Miss., are in charge of a woman. The chief express agent and her two assistants are also women.

A child was born to Mr. and Mrs. Howland (colored), of Fishkill Landing, New York, a few days ago. The mother is 14 years old and the father only 15.

Men resemble pianos inasmuch as they are generally played by women; but they differ inasmuch as an upright man is square, while an upright piano isn't.

"You can't have the old excuse of 'no snow' now," she whispered, after suggesting a sleigh ride. "Well, it's pretty near the same thing—now it's no cash," he replied.

Queen Victoria likes gardening, and all her children were taught to dig and plant flowers and vegetables in season. Her Majesty is also passionately fond of horses and dogs.

Visitor: "Is that your little son in the next room whistling, 'I want to be a soldier of the cross'?" Fond mother, making for the door: "Yes; he's trying to drown out the sound of the key turning in the pantry lock."

Queen Elizabeth was, in her day, about the only woman who used a *fork*. In New England, in 1750, black hands and white went into the same dish for food around the big tables. Now hair-brushes for dolls are sold.

Princess Margaret, of Prussia, will be married standing on a bit of carpet with a history. It was wrought by her mother, the Empress Frederick, and upon it knelt all the children of the household when they were confirmed.

Chrysanthemum dances are "all the rage" in London. At a recent ball the hostess was dressed as a white chrysanthemum. She wore a pretty girdle of chrysanthemums about her waist, and carried on her arm a large bouquet of that much-beloved flower.

An unusual kind of double wedding came off at Newport a short time ago. The only occupants of the church were two curates, four young ladies and the registrar. One of the curates married his friend to one of the ladies, and then he in turn was married to another one of the ladies.

Miss Susan B. Anthony believes that America is "on the verge of an era of unmarried women, because young men do not earn enough money to support their wives, and there is such a craze for dissipation among them that the women would rather go into a store for almost nothing than to marry."

How many people know that the monument that Laban and Jacob set up near the borders of Canaan and called Mizpah, or a lookout, was erected in suspicion rather than love? The literal meaning was this: The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from the other, and see that you are not up to some new tricks as soon as my back is turned. Those who use the text are sometimes wiser than they know.

The latest form of employment for women in France is in the ring—not of the circus, but in the arena of the bull fight. A woman recently made her first appearance before the public—and the bull—at Nimes. The lady toreador did not achieve any personal success, for she fell from her horse upon entering the scene of battle and was injured, but she was the occasion of a scrimmage between the French and Spanish bull-fighters, which resulted in the imprisonment of some of the combatants.

Masculinities.

Watchmakers recommend that fine watches be wound up in the morning.

All the gold in the world could be stored in a room 21 feet square and 21 feet deep.

A woman of Waldoboro, Me., owns a plate upon which, she asserts, 995 pies have been baked.

One reason why men see things so differently is because no two can stand in the same place to look.

A young man never thoroughly appreciates his own insignificance until he attends his own wedding.

When a baby is so homely that a mother can't see any beauty in it, it is some other woman's baby, sure.

Willie Loo Chong, who died at Atlanta, Ga., a short time ago, was twice married, both times to white women.

If you don't believe that time is money, examine your pocket-book after you have been having "a little time."

Keep your troubles to yourself; when you tell them you are taking up the time of the man who is waiting to tell his.

The proper grouping of flowers is now regarded as an artistic accomplishment, and can be learned at so much a lesson.

The men who take your advice never give you a chance to forget that it was your advice if it turns out to be bad for them.

Mrs. John Sprech, who died at Wabash, Ind., lately, was the mother of 13 children, all of whom are living and married.

He who is a good son is a good brother, good husband, good father, good kinsman, good friend, good neighbor and good citizen.

A man addressed a passionate love-letter to a lady, adding, postscript: "Please to send a speedy answer; someone else in my eye."

"Papa, what is an agnostic?" asked Johnny Cumso. "An agnostic, Johnny, is a man who knows very little and is not sure of that."

Melvin Priley, a well-known young resident of Bangor, Me., recently broke his collar bone while in the act of donning his sister.

Mrs. A.: "Do you ever make any mistakes in speech?" Mrs. B.: "Yes, once, a few years ago." "What was it?" "I said 'yes' to a minister."

Horses are, it is said, so plentiful in Buenos Ayres that everybody has at least one. It is claimed that even the beggars beg on horseback.

If a man could live a thousand years he would probably spend the last fifty fretting over what he might have done in the previous wasted time.

Somehow it comes natural to the humblest man to say they when speaking of wicked people, and we when he talks of the faithful and good.

Colonel Mooney: "I hear that Ned Birdseye has given up his bachelor apartments." Dan McCord: "Yes; he has changed his bachelor quarters for a better half."

For the first time a tax is to be made upon poor pussy. The Government of Saxony makes this advance towards thinning the ranks of the melodiously nocturnal serenaders.

"Why did you arrest this man?" asked the police magistrate, sternly. "For practice," returned the policeman. "I'm new on the force and I wanted to learn how, your Honor."

Neighbor's boy, looking through the fence: "My father's a heap bigger man than yourn!" New boy, with cold disdain: "Size ain't nothing! When my father coughs you can hear him half a mile!"

A horse owned by P. E. Smith, of Greenville, North Carolina, leaped from a bridge one day lately. The distance was about 25 feet, and instead of the animal being killed he struck the ground running.

"Nothing," said Mr. Tozer sadly, "equals the scepticism of married women." "You are mistaken, my dear," answered Mrs. Tozer; "there is one thing." "What is it?" "The credulity of the unmarried ones."

Media, this State, is said to be the home of some large families. That of Samuel Field, who has 28 children; Joseph Chandler, who is the father of 25 children; James Barrett, who has 16, and William Wright, who has 15 children.

German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for the renewal of essential nervous matter (lecithin) of the brain and spinal cord.

John Cultice, the postmaster of Redkey, Ind., who has kept the place for 10 years, is totally blind. While he is unable to distribute or make up the mails, he knows the location of every person's box and makes no mistakes in handing out letters and packages. Cultice's senses of hearing and of touch are so acute that he changes money with perfect accuracy, and never forgets a voice.

BANKING IN QUEER PLACES.

During the influenza epidemic of last year an amusing incident occurred in a Kentish town. A married woman fell ill of the disease, and was advised to have a fire in her bedroom. She refused, and for two days persuasions were in vain. On the third day the doctor's commands were imperative, and she had to yield.

The real reason for her obstinacy then transpired. Unknown to any one else she had been saving and hiding money, and the sum of thirty pounds was found hidden in the chimney.

Queer banking places have often come accidentally to light. A man who had acted as watchman for many years at a large factory in New Haven, died, and left a tradition of thrift, but no clue to the whereabouts of what he had saved. His friends were morally sure that he had money, but could not trace his investments.

In the course of preparing his wardrobe for a sale something hard was felt in the pocket of a shabby overcoat. It was pulled out, and proved to be a large cartridge shell wrapped up in a piece of oil cloth. Inside were a quantity of notes, amounting in the gross to four hundred dollars. They might easily have enriched some Moses of a Yankee Houndsditch.

A few months ago a widow of advanced years and simple habits died in Germany. Her relatives took a very moderate amount of interest in the old lady's obsequies and in the wind-up of her trifling estate. But after her few sticks of old-fashioned furniture were disposed of under the hammer a rumor was bruited abroad which made the next-of kin angry at an expensive remissness.

In a raunshackle old sofa a large sum of money had been hidden. Its late owner had saved out of her narrow income, and the cash had now gone to a stranger. A suit at law was entered upon to recover the contents of the old sofa.

A widow who died in the Avenue de Neuilly, in Paris, left as her sole heiress a daughter who had ministered to her wants during many years. Turning out the lumber of the house at a decorous interval after the funeral, the young woman discovered a relic of a discarded fashion in the shape of a dusty chignon. She tossed it carelessly away.

A servant, as old as her deceased mistress, came across it when consigned to the rubbish bin, and had an idea of making the hair up into false plaits. Turning the chignon over and narrowly inspecting it a twist of paper was visible. The servant drew it out, and found that this strange receptacle had yielded her a bank note of the value of 5,000 francs.

Though she had lived in the dwelling as her mother, the daughter had never known exactly where the whimsical widow banked.

Daniel Dancer, who possessed a great deal of property at Harrow Weald, near Harrow-on-the-Hill, well earned by his strange ways the fame of the recluse and the miser. He had a selection of the most curious banking places which a morbid ingenuity could hit upon.

For years it was his habit to secrete bank notes amongst the haunts of spiders in a cowhouse. Gold coins he stuffed away, like the lady of Kent, in chimneys, and sometimes in crevices of the hearth.

After Dancer's death a manure heap in one of his outbuildings proved richer than some much-advertised mines, for nearly two thousand five hundred pounds were brought to the surface by interested explorers.

Naturally in such a Tom Tiddler's ground everything was searched. In an old jacket, secured to a cow's manger by ropes and nails, notes and bullion to the amount of five hundred pounds were discovered. Many parcels of money were picked out of decayed pieces of furniture, and numbers of jugs, bowls, and similar vessels, pushed away in dark corners, yielded on investigation valuable finds. The stable had been apparently used specially as a hiding place for a quantity of silver coins.

It may happen that the discovery of an odd banking place is the only hint of a past eccentricity. The name of the person thus securing his or her wealth may never transpire. This was so in the case of a queer purchase by a bargain hunter in a bric-a-brac shop. A stuffed Persian cat was carried away. One of the animal's eyes was loose in the socket, and the gleam of something white was behind. The new owner was actuated by curiosity and removed the eye bodily. A coin wrapped neatly up in wool could now be extracted. He found another in tissue, and still another. In short, puss had been most satisfactorily stuffed with sovereigns to the tune of several hundreds. The cat might literally be said to be worth nearly its weight in gold.

In troublous times the earth—garden or field—has often been considered a man's best bank, and thus it is that the newspapers frequently record a find of a buried hoard. Probably it was the fear generated during the time of the rebellion in China that led to a simple but effectual disguise for wealth. Accident, here again, brought the truth to light.

A workman in Pekin bought a pair of lacquered teatrays at a second hand shop. When the purchaser got them home he noticed that sundry spots of yellow showed through the black lacquer. He began to scrape with a penknife, and the patches of yellow widened fast. A curious fancy now possessed him. He continued eagerly to pare off the coating of the trays, and he found that his dream was fact. He had purchased for the proverbial song at least twenty ounces of the precious metal. The paint had no doubt been put on simply as a protection over the gold.

A French literary man of dissipated habits banked in a large heap of shavings. He kept this untidy receptacle in a corner of his study, and when he received money he threw the coins haphazard into the heap. He never knew how little or how much he possessed, or how often prowlers who had information of his eccentricity relieved him of some part of his earnings. His idea was to find coins out of the heap as he wanted them, and always to have some to find. In a lump sum the money would soon have melted in his pocket.

Self-protection was the actuating motive in this queer choice of a place to bank in. And the same impulse accounted for the strange ingenuity of a German. This man, too, was a writer. He made a large sum of money by a lucky literary hit, and he wanted to avoid the the dangers of squandering his sudden and surprising wealth in prodigality. He therefore carried the whole of the payment to a leading Berlin deposit bank, asked them to enter it to account, and at the same time take charge of his will. Then he desired a receipt, and not a pass book. When the official gave him the paper he at once tore it up. Was he mad? He was informed that he would have to go through troublesome and dilatory routine forms before a second receipt would be granted, and meanwhile he could not touch the money. Said he, "That is just why I have torn up the original, and now the money is safe for the time."

RUSSIAN WOMEN.—In Russia, where, in the middle classes, women were kept as secluded as in the harem, the advocate of women's rights would to-day find little demand for any class of females above the peasantry.

The moujik still administers corporeal chastisement to his wife as he would to his child, and his right to do so, though denied by the written law, is tacitly acknowledged in practice.

The girl, however, whose brother has been described as going to the lycee, and subsequently to the university, is nearly as her male relations.

Like her brother, and from similar causes, she, too, often becomes disgusted with her home, and determines to seek what she imagines to be delights of the independent life led by the numerous female students who follow various university courses, and particularly that medicine.

Sometimes, when her parents refuse her permission to leave home, she simply runs away, and, having no passport, her position at once becomes illegal, and she naturally finds her companions among those who, like herself, have got into some trouble with the authorities.

"DEAR me!" exclaimed Lucinda, "what a tiresome talker that Dr. Jelker is! His long talks would tire anything!" Whereat her brother Tom, the wheelwright's apprentice, said: "I'd like to see him talk long enough to tire a wagon wheel!"

To pass the winter season comfortably avoid colds by using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

A CURIOUS EVENT.—A most curious event occurred at Mantes the other day, relates a London journal. Lucien Petit, 17 years of age, while driving in a cart drawn by a horse and donkey, passed a garden in which there was some 40 beehives.

Whether from the excessive heat, or some other cause, the bees swarmed out on the approach of the cart, and the lad had just time to jump down and take refuge in a ditch full of water, when they attacked the team.

Maddened by the myriad of stings, the poor animals galloped away at a furious rate rate, followed by the bees. The donkey soon succumbed, and the horse survived only a very short time.

The lad in the ditch witnessed this extraordinary scene, trembling with fear. When the horse and donkey were dead, the cloud of bees flew back to their hives, and Lucien Petit, taking courage, crept out of the ditch and ran off to Mantes, where, it can easily be imagined, his story was scarcely credited.

A MODEL NURSERY.—We once, says a writer, saw a nursery which was furnished in a delightful manner. A large table stood in the centre of the room, with a pretty, cosy-looking cloth upon it. A smaller one was placed in front of the window, forming a stand for some plants and nurse's work-basket. This was a very good idea; the plants were a source of interest and instruction to the children, and the table, being in front of the window, prevented them from leaning out, which is at all times a very dangerous practice. A large toy cupboard was in one corner, into which the little ones were taught to put their playthings every night when done with; a habit not easy for children to learn, but one which they cannot be taught too early. Some half-dozen neat, polished wooden chairs stood round, with one, rather larger than the rest, for the mother when she went to sit with her pets. The windows were draped with gay-colored curtains, which not only gave an attractive appearance to the room, but helped to keep out those tiresome little draughts which are always to be felt at the chinks of a window, and which do so much damage to our little ones, almost before we are aware of their existence. A high, strong guard stood in front of the fire, and this completed the furniture of as cosy a children's room as we have ever seen.

HER MAJESTY'S HORSES.—The Queen sets great store upon her eight cream-colored horses which appear publicly on high State occasions only. Jubilee day was the last time they were driven, splendidly caparisoned, and they have been invariably used when her Majesty has opened Parliament in person.

One peculiarity of the breed is their great stature. Inbreeding during many years, however, has tended to reduce the commanding size of the horses. In all the world there is but one other similar stud of creams. It was possessed by the late King of Hanover.

Not long since, after much negotiation, the present owners agreed to exchange with her Majesty two of these fine animals, but when it was discovered that one of the mares to be sent from Buckingham Palace mews was blind of one eye, the Hanover people declined to proceed with the bargain, and consequently the proposed interchange of blood has not yet taken place.

NEW USE FOR THE PHONOGRAPH.—It has recently been stated that Superintendent Johnson, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Indianapolis, has been making experiments with the phonograph, and believes that in connection with it he can teach the majority of the deaf mutes under his charge to talk. He finds that the instrument concentrates the sound at the drum of the ear in such a way that many of the pupils otherwise deaf are enabled to hear. He intends to carry the experiments further, and thinks the phonograph may become a means of teaching the use of their voices to some mutes whose inability to speak is due to the fact that they have never heard speech.

CORDIAL.—The following extract is taken from a letter of thanks sent by a bride to one of her husband's friends:—

"Your lovely etching was received, and gives us both great pleasure. It is now in the drawing room hanging above the piano, where we hope to see you very soon, and as often as you find it agreeable."

THE greatest pain-annihilator of the age is Salvation Oil. It always cures.

A RICH CUT!

CUT IT OUT, IT MAY SAVE YOU!

You have been suffering for years from some chronic disease or other; you have swallowed drugs enough to stock an apothecary shop; possibly also you have spent considerable sums with advertising specialists, and, having failed to notice the least change for the better in your condition, you now decide to give up all further struggle towards recovering your health, having come to the conclusion that there is no possible help for you this side the grave. POSSIBLY you may be correct, but PROBABLY you are mistaken and on that probability I will take a sixty per cent. chance in order to cheer your now hopeless condition. Cut this ad. out and take it to your minister; possibly you may there meet some fellow sufferers on the same mission bent; let him invest ten or twenty dollars for you on the plan suggested in my open letter to the clergy; he will protect us mutually and you may be happily disappointed in recovering your health. My remedy is not a drug; it is known as

HELMER'S BI-OZONE CURE,

and among diseases cured have been cases of Epilepsy, Heart Disease, Obesity, Drunkenness, the Tobacco Habit, Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Nervous Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Skin Disease, Disorders of Microbic origin, etc., many of them relieved as if by magic.

TO THE CLERGY OF AMERICA:—

Gentlemen:—It has been my good fortune to discover a true remedy. This remedy I have found to be ozone and the multiplying results of the most gratifying character sustain my affirmation by facts. It has passed the experimental stage, having been successfully applied by prominent physicians in this city and elsewhere, as well as by some of the foremost families in the land, and, believing that your personal sympathy for your congregations extends to their physical as well as to their spiritual welfare I invite your kind arbitration on behalf of Truth and Justice and in the interest of a suffering humanity, that heretofore has been imposed upon by charlatans and unprincipled quacks time and again.

MY FIRST OFFER.

I will guarantee noticeable relief or cure to at least two out of every five patients who will faithfully use a monthly treatment of $10.00 each. To compensate you in part for your trouble I will accept a draft for $45.00 negotiable in New York City and dated one month ahead. Should the relief or cure in the above proportion be not obtained at the end of the month you may stop payment of draft.

MY SECOND OFFER.

I will send five ninety-day treatments of $20.00 each for a draft for $80.00, dated ninety days ahead, warranting noticeable relief or cure to three of the five or forfeit payment of the whole.

These offers must not lead to the supposition that I slam the gate of Hope in the faces of the rest, but some cases have taken four and six months and even a year before there was any well defined noticeable change for the better that were afterward cured. This is especially applicable to elderly people suffering from chronic cases of long standing.

This offer is made exclusively to clergymen and any other orders or offers, UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY REMITTANCE OF EITHER $10.00 OR $20.00, FOR A ONE OR THREE MONTH'S HOME TREATMENT RESPECTIVELY, will not be noticed.

Among the hundreds of testimonials received, the following from one of the responsible department chiefs in the New York Central R. R. System is to the point:

TREASURER'S OFFICE,
Union Stock Yard and Market Company.
Room 8, Grand Central Depot.
A. T. THOMAS, Treasurer.
NEW YORK, ———, 1892.

"DEAR SIR:—

"I have refrained from saying anything concerning your Bi-Ozone Cure until a thorough test of its effects had been made.

"Having used it daily for three months, I think I am now in a position to speak with some authority on the subject. A case of bronchitis and bronchial asthma is not to be cured in a day or a month, and I have not expected it, but I take great pleasure in assuring you that both have so much improved that I shall continue the use of Bi-Ozone, feeling satisfied that a permanent cure is only a question of a short time longer.

"A noticeable feature in the effect of the remedy is a greatly improved condition of general health and remarkable immunity from ordinary colds.

"Bronchial and asthmatic troubles usually have attendant catarrhal conditions. I am happy to say the latter is as much improved as the former, and with the gradual removal of bronchitis the catarrh is disappearing also.

"I sincerely hope your remedy may meet with patronage from the public; it richly deserves it.

"A. T. THOMAS, Grand Central Depot."

"Dec., 23, '92."

"To N. HELMER Esq., 12th St. and B way."

N. HELMER, Chemist, 822 Broadway, Southeast Corner 12th Street, New York City.

BROOKLYN OFFICE: Dr. S. SILSBEE, N. W. cor 5th Avenue and 17th Street.

BRIDGEPORT OFFICE: Dr. H. M. DICKINSON, 139 Fairfield Avenue.

Dr. W. W. CLARK, Sole Agent for Ohio, 516 Franklin avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

FREE PORTRAITS —AND— FRAMES!

Send us at once a photograph or tintype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make from same one of our enlarged life-like portraits (together with frame complete), ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE. This offer is made in order to introduce our portraits and frames in your vicinity, for one of our fine portraits placed in your home will do us more good than any other advertisement. This offer is made IN GOOD FAITH, and we will forfeit ONE HUNDRED dollars to anyone sending us a photograph and not securing his portrait and frame FREE as per this offer. We guarantee the return of your photos so have no fear of losing it. Address all your letters to **Brooklyn Art Union**, 627 Marcy Ave., cor. Hall St., Brooklyn, N. Y. References: all banks and Express Co's. in New York and Brooklyn.

Put your name and address back of photos.

FIRST USES OF ARMS.

668 Greek fire first used.

690 Gunpowder used at the siege of Mecca.

969 The Chinese used rockets in war for burning houses.

1247 Cannon throwing stones used in the defense of Seville from the Moors.

1249 Gunpowder described in a treatise now in the Escurial Library.

1280 Heavy guns used by the Moors at Cordova.

1309 Gibraltar taken by Spaniards with the aid of artillery.

1346 Large field-pieces used at the battle of Crecy.

1347 Artillery employed at the siege of Calais.

1377 Guns used on Venetian ships in war with Genoese.

1440 Rifled barrels made in Germany.

1448 A bombard, 30,000 pounds, ball weighing 900 pounds, made in France.

1471 Infantry firearms formally introduced into British army.

1495 Bombs invented at Venlo; used by the Turks at Rhodes, 1522.

1498 Use of artillery general in India when Portuguese came in.

1500 Pistols invented at Pistoia, Italy.

1504 Small firearms used at the siege of Berwick, England.

1543 The first cannon cast in England by Huggot.

1580 The field-pieces of the German army were breech loaders.

1620 Seven English regiments armed with fire-locks; not much esteemed.

1624 Hand-grenades successfully employed in Holland.

1634 Bombshells in use by principal armies of Europe.

1635 Heavy guns were first made of brass by the French.

1650 Loading so slow that soldiers fired seven shots in eight hours.

1640 The bayonet was invented at Bayonne, France.

1640 A revolving pistol invented and patented in England.

1688 An Austrian battalion fired 3000 shots at thirty feet distance, with no result.

1692 The flint-lock invented.

1741 Cartridges of paper first invented by the French and used by soldiers.

1746 The Ferguson breech-loading rifle used by English infantry.

1797 Eli Whitney first made guns on the interchangeable system.

1803 Congreve rockets invented, and first used at an attack on Boulogne in 1806.

1805 Fulton's torpedoes, though successful, were declined by the British Government.

1807 Rev. Dr. Forsythe patented the detonating powder for percussion-caps.

1816 The copper cap invented in England; many claimants to the honor.

1817 The needle-gun was invented by Dreyse, a German.

1829 Colt patented his breech-loading revolver in America.

1831 Demondion patented his breech-loading cartridge and detonating tube.

1834 Colonel Henry Schrapnel, of the English army, invented the shell bearing his name.

1840 English and French Governments adopt the percussion-cap principle.

1845 Colt's revolvers adopted by the United States Government for army use.

1846 Gun-cotton invented by Schonbein, of Basel.

1847 Nitro-glycerine discovered by Sobrero.

1848 The Minie bullet introduced into the French service.

1855 Sharpe's rifles introduced into the American army.

1856 Horsfall's monster gun cast; it was 15 feet 10 inches long, weighed 21 tons, and cost $17,500.

1857 Huge mortar cast. It threw a 2250-pound shell one and one-half miles.

1859 The Snyder rifle invented.

1860 Spencer magazine-rifle invented and patented; used in our civil war.

1861 The Gatling gun invented.

1862 Up to this date, all armor-plates tested were destroyed by guns.

1865 Hercules target, 11½ inches iron, backed by three feet of oak, resisted 300-pound shot.

1866 The Chassepot rifle introduced in the French army.

1868 Dynamite invented by Nobel.

1874 Woodwich infant completed; it was 27 feet long, weighed 80 tons, and threw a 1656-pound shot.

1876 The Armstrong 100-ton gun completed; with a charge of 330 pounds of powder, it threw a 2000-pound shot.

1877 Torpedoes, which were a failure, were invented by Bushnell, an American.

1890 Smokeless powder tried in the German manœuvres; many soldiers were suffocated.

1892 American armor-plate made by Harvey nickel process resisted the heaviest projectiles with but slight indentation.

The "grains" of powder for heavy artillery are blocks two inches square.

The initial velocity of the shot from a 100-ton gun is 1835 feet per second.

An 8 inch Armstrong gun, with twelve degrees' elevation, has thrown a shot 7800 yards.

Cannon-balls go furthest when fired at an elevation of thirty degrees and from east to west.

The heaviest guns in English service are two of 111 tons each, on ship Benbow.

The Benbow guns throw an 1800-pound shell over twelve miles.

The Benbow guns are 43 feet 8 inches long and 17 inches bore.

The charge of the Benbow guns is 850 pounds of the best gunpowder.

Kropp is now manufacturing a 108-ton gun, and Armstrong one of 133.

The 100-ton gun is 39·7 feet long and carries a solid shot of 2000 pounds.

The German 110-ton gun is 44 feet long and carries a shot of 2017 pounds, and will pierce 20 inches of iron armor.

The modern bullet is as thick as a lead-pencil and an inch long.

The European armies, on paper, aggregate 17,000,000 men.

There are twenty-seven foreign ships with guns having a range of ten miles each.

China has the Lee rifle, England the Lee-Metford, Italy the Vetterli, the United States (until lately) the Springfield, Austria has the Mannlicher rifle, Belgium and Turkey and Germany the Mauser, France and Russia the Lebel.

"No," says Mrs. Sharp to her husband, "you cannot fool me; it was one o'clock this morning when you came home." "Now, Mary, it was surely not later than twelve o'clock." "I say no; for I was awake when you came, and I looked at my watch, and it was just one o'clock." "Well, all right, Mary, if you believe your old nickle plated, ninety-five cent watch more than you do me, I have nothing further to say."

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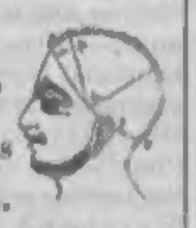
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No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '85. Norwich, Norfolk, England.
NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,
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Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served ninety days, or over, in the late war, are entitled, if now PARTIALLY or wholly disabled for ordinary manual labor, whether disability was caused by service or not, and regardless of their pecuniary circumstances.
WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if now dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows not dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death was due to service.
CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.
PARENTS are entitled if soldier LEFT NEITHER WIDOW SON CHILD, provided soldier DIED IN SERVICE, or FROM EFFECTS OF SERVICE, and they are now DEPENDENT upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.
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Humorous.

SUCCESS AT LAST.

A gray-haired, broken-down old man,
With sunken eye and cheek,
Climbed up the steps one winter's day,
With humble mien and meek.

He rang the bell, and a woman came
And stood in the open door,
And a smile spread o'er his wrinkled face
As he saw his wife once more.

And the old glad light shone in his eyes
And his husky voice grew clear,
As he said, "It almost knocked me out,
But I matched that ribbon, dear."

—U. S. POST.

Agreed.

Brownleigh, visiting friends in the country: "I don't often get such a good supper."

Johnnie: "Neither do we."

A close race—misers.

A model wife—the poor artist's.

Delayed mails—belated husbands.

Fall goods for winter use—skates.

Artificial honey—kisses sent by mail.

"Why are you stopping the clock?" "To save time."

If a classical graduate is college-bred, is a naval graduate a sea-biscuit?

Which is the last bridge in the world you would wish a bicycle to go over?—The bridge of your nose.

"I find it always best to keep cool," said the snow. "Exactly," replied the sidewalk; "I catch your drift."

"Do you hold fast to your ideals?" she asked. "I would if I had a chance," he answered, softly; "for you are mine."

Facetious tourist, to Swiss peasant: "Is it true that your canton is full of idiots?" Peasant: "Yes, sir—in summer; but they don't stop long."

"The greatest organ in the world," says some wicked old bachelor, "is the organ of speech in women, because 'tis an organ without stops."

Item from a San Francisco paper: "Mr. Jones felodesawed this morning successfully. He hymenated three years ago, and he will be sepulchred to-morrow."

Gilgal: "If you want anything well done do it yourself, is a good rule." Mullins: "I know a better one. If you want anything well done tell the waiter to bring it rare."

"How healthy and happy Murray is looking since he returned from abroad. Do you know where he spent his time?"

"Yes, he was in Paris three years."

"Indeed! What was he doing?"

"Dueling, I believe."

A little fellow, in turning over the leaves of a scrap-book, came across the well-known picture of some chickens just coming out of their shells. He examined the picture carefully, and then, with a grave suspicious look, slowly remarked: "They came out cos they was afraid of being boiled."

He was pushing on. Fond mother: "Well, Harold, how are you succeeding at college?"

Harold: "The professor says I'm getting up in figures."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I used to be seventh in my class, but now I stand sixteenth. I'm pushing on!"

He: "I wonder what the meaning of that picture is? The youth and the maid are in a tender attitude."

She: "Oh, don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him, and she is accepting him."

"Ah! how appropriate the title."

"I don't see it."

"Why, that card at the bottom says 'Sold.'"

"Well, Johnny, I suppose you frequently get your little hide well tanned at home?"

"Oh, yes, I get a licking every once in a while."

"Who gives it to you?"

"Sometimes pa and sometimes ma; it all depends upon which of them hasn't anything else to do at the time."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

A pretty, piquant face under a quaint hat trimmed with bright plaid ribbons, surrounded with a fluff of golden curls and setting apparently upon a disk of velvet in form of a collar, is a pleasant sight. The collar somehow closes invisibly and appears to rest upon the shoulders, and there and under a flat band of boniton point lace. Then the sleeves begin, and the fullness of the waist commences and is finally belted in to a trim little waist. The sleeves are of the most pronounced leg o' mutton style, coming well down on the hand and piped around the edge with satin piping. The waist and sleeves and hat are all of black velvet. The skirt is of hair-line cheviot in gray and white, and around the bottom are four rows of velvet ribbon in graduated widths. There is a tied bow in the back with long ends. None but a very young, pretty and daring girl could wear this outfit, but the one who does will create a sensation.

Just now anybody can wear anything, and some of the garments are fearfully and wonderfully made. Now and then one falls upon a plain and ladylike gown or whole costume or a cloak whose chief beauty lies in the simplicity of its design and the grace of its outline.

The handsomest cloak for a middle aged lady that I have seen within a month was one made of serge, close and fine weave. The cloak opened on the left side, with ten black bone buttons. All around the bottom was a double row of stitching. The sleeves were velvet, gigot shape, with a velvet collar. The toque was of black velvet, with scarlet bird's wings. The cloak was lined with black farmer's satin and interlined so that it was warm enough for the coldest days and handsome enough for any occasion.

A long cloak with cape of a young lady also attracted my attention. It was of thick dark blue cheviot, and the cloak part was cut princess shape and just touched the ground and was bordered all around with black bearskin. The cape was gathered on a yoke made of beaded cloth, and there was a curiously flaring collar, which can be likened to nothing under the sun. The hat worn with this was black felt, with black plumes and a metallic blue aigret. There were cuffs of fur and a small muff to complete the costume. The cloak was lined black satin and was very handsome without being fussy.

HANDSOME CLOAKS.

Among the new wraps I noticed—yes, and admired—was one of heavy black Lyons velvet, embroidered in high relief in black silk. All around the wrap was a thick fringe of silk, headed by a band of crocheted rings. There never has been anything in the way of trimming for black as rich and suitable as crocheted trimming and silk embroidery, and its popularity has outlasted generations.

The new summer goods are being brought out now in the early importing houses and in a few weeks will be shown for the benefit of those who get their summer gowns made during Lent, when they have time for fitting and designing, for nearly all the "summer girls" have a more or less fixed idea of what their own dresses should be.

Among the novelties is a thin brocade silk almost transparent. It is soft and yet tough and is exceedingly pretty. It is always in one color, and the colors range through Pompeiian red, pistachio, willow green, dahlia and puce, two rich dark purples and peach, strawberry and a brilliant purple. With the purple turquoise blue is used as a complement, with what I think disastrous effect as far as good taste goes. Peach and strawberry color are put together, and red and violet.

Among the more delicate shades are maize, china rose, dove, dun and smoke. All these are seen in these light brocade silks, but the changeable effect will be as popular as ever, more so, perhaps, since I observe some of them in cotton goods and ginghams, as well as in several of the new cotton corduroy effects.

Among the new zephyrs are exquisitely fine designs and soft, delicate colors, the center block having a changeable effect.

There is a cotton serge that is novel, and draped it is difficult to distinguish it from wool serge. Some is single, some double width. The prospect now is that there will be much ecru lace and hempen lace used on summer suits, and also the heavier white laces.

The new cotton corduroy cloth will be worn for mornings. It is plain, striped, figured and changeable, and there is a great variety of patterns to choose from. Percales, with collars and other accessories of turkey red or indigo blue, will be popular. Flannelettes in hazy stripes of light shades will be used for tennis suits.

There are several beautiful new designs in French sateens, mostly geometrical, in very soft and pleasing colors. Sateens and India silks are nearly always of the same patterns and colors, and India silks will probably be more popular than ever. The quality of the silk is good and the colors becoming and the patterns pleasing, and there is something in the feel of a silk gown nicer than any other material.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Here are some things that all housekeepers may not know:

That lettuce has recently been pronounced a sleep producer.

That a schoolboy's "rubber" will take many a spot out of kid gloves.

That you can clean a sponge by soaking it a few hours in cold buttermilk.

That wash leather should be washed in warm—not hot—water and yellow soap.

That combs and brushes should be quickly washed in warm water and soda.

That a good liquid glue may be made by pouring naphtha upon shellac until it is of a creamy consistency.

That lemons may be kept fresh by wrapping them in paper and enclosing in a closely covered pot or jar.

That household pests flee before an application composed of two ounces of quicksilver and the whites of two eggs.

That leather satchels may be cleaned with a sponge dipped in warm water in which a little oxalic acid has been dissolved.

That the same mixture of oxalic acid and water, with more acid to the water, will take ink spots out of wood. It should be rubbed on with a cloth.

Silver name checks to attach to traveling bags are shown among new things in small silver. These make a pretty gift for either a man or a woman, the usefulness of the little leather checks for a similar purpose having been fully demonstrated.

A novelty seen at a recent sale of fancy work was a broom cover to be used for dusting down walls and ceilings. It was made of linen, the shape of the broom itself, and was really an inverted bag when adjusted. After it was drawn over the broom, shirr strings held it close where the handle joined the splints. As it was made entirely of washables, braid and linen, it was very suitable for its purpose and an improvement in time and usefulness over the cloth which most housekeepers wind about a broom for the same office.

Boston Biscuits.—Take a spoonful of butter and one egg to every quart of flour. Cut the butter in pieces and mix through the flour, add the egg, well beaten, and salt to taste. Mix with enough milk to make a stiff dough. Beat until the dough is soft or until it breaks when pulled. Make into round biscuits, press with the soft part of the hand, prick with a fork several times and bake quickly.

Rice Muffins.—Beat the yolks of two eggs very light and add to them one pint of milk and stir into it one tablespoonful of melted lard or butter. Mix two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder in one quart of meal and sift into the milk and eggs. Beat very light, then add the whites of the eggs, beaten to a froth, and stir in a teacupful of cold boiled rice. Beat all once more and bake in muffin rings. In Virginia only the white meal, never the yellow, is used for corn bread.

LEISURE will always be found by persons who know how to employ their time; those who want time are the people who do nothing.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively, Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

In Effect December 4, 1892.

DEPOT, NINTH AND GREEN STREETS.

Williamsport Fast Day Line—8.25 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—9.00 a m daily.
Easton Flyer—4.55 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—6.45 p m, (24th and Chestnut sts., 6.20 p m) daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.25 p m daily.
Western Night Express—8.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 8.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.10, 8.05, 9.30 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.55, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m, Sundays, 6.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 4.30 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Colebrookdale Branch.
9.10 a m for Reading and way points.
11.02 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.
11.30 p m daily. Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.
SUNDAYS—9.05 a m Express, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
3.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.
11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE,

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.

3.55, 8.20, 9.20, 11.35 a m, 12.07 dining car, 1.30, 3.30, 5.15 dining cars, p m. Sundays, 3.55, 8.20, 11.15 a m, 12.07 dining cars, 3.30, 5.20, 8.15 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green Streets.

2.50 (Pilot or two-hour fast Line), 5.30, 6.30 a m, 12.00, 4.00, 5.15, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.30, 3.15, 5.45, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Round Brook, week-days, 4.30 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.05 a m, 12.40, 3.15, 6.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.30 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 6.10, 8.00 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.45, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 5.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT THIRTEENTH AND CALLOWHILL STREETS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.
12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.25 for Reading and Pottsville.
6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.
SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.
6.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.10 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 am, 5.45 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Malaga Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 8.00 8.30 8.35, 11.00 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 1.45, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Gravelsh, 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 8.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m, 4.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 99 south Third street, and 18 south Fortieth street. West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service, Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

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